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DANIEL YERGIN ON OPEC's LAST GASP • PRIMO LEVI • MARY WARNOCK ON BABY DOE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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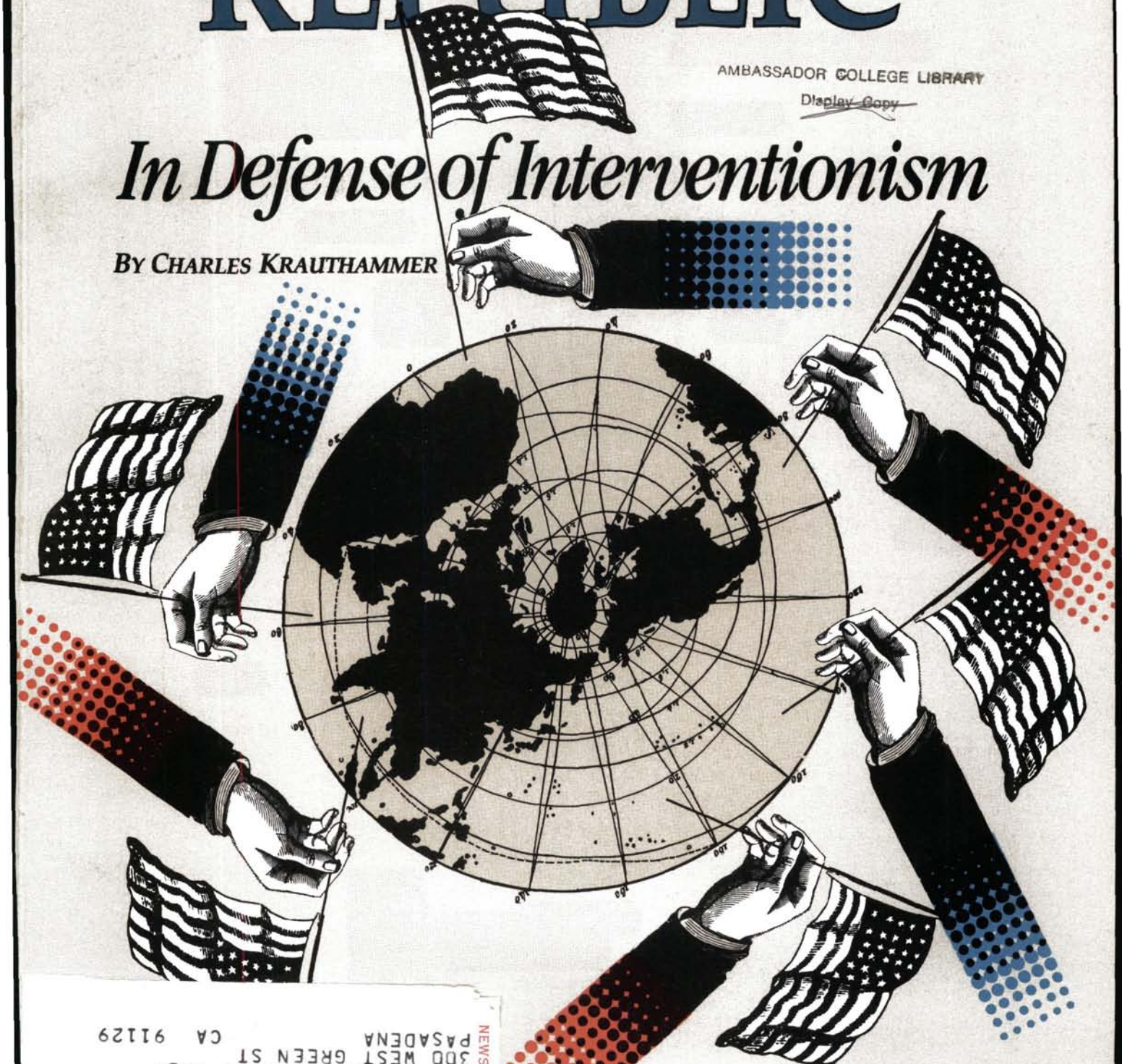
In Defense of Interventionism

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER



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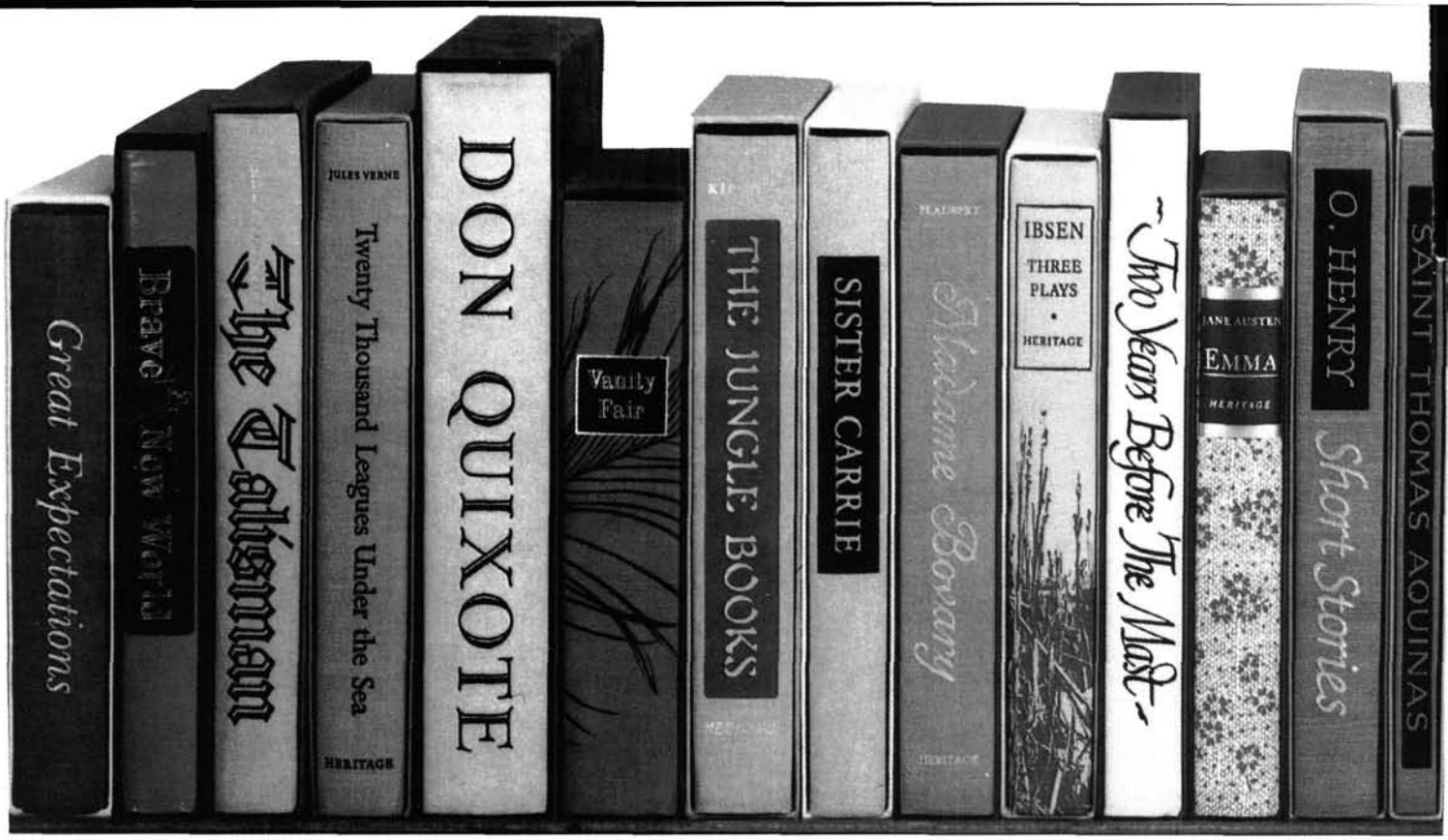

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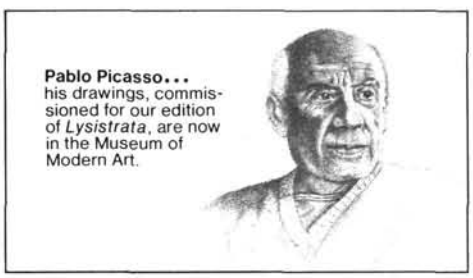

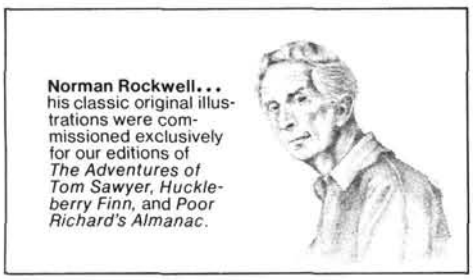
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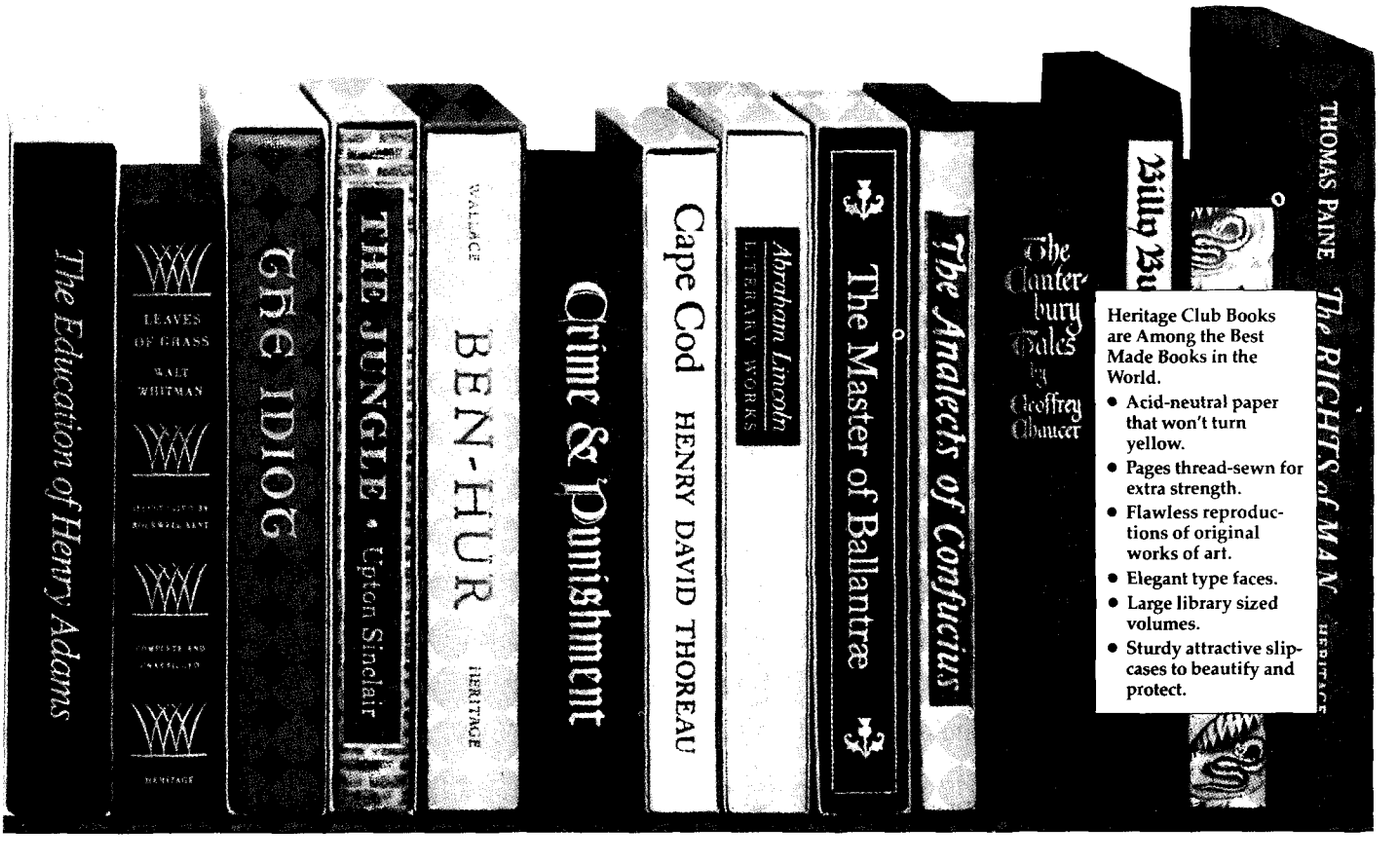

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FROM WASHINGTON

THE GREEN TREE OF LIFE

TRB is on vacation. This column was written by Jefferson Morley.

Last August Adam Michnik, one of the leading intellectual voices of the Solidarity movement, sent a short and eloquent letter to Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa. Michnik, a democratic activist since his teens, is a historian, prolific writer, and a veteran of Polish jails. His message, smuggled out of Barczewo Prison, where he is now serving a three-year sentence, was addressed to Tutu, but democrats everywhere ought to read it.

Michnik endorsed without reservation Tutu's peaceful struggle against apartheid. "Your efforts to find peaceful means to introduce necessary and inevitable democratic changes," Michnik wrote, "give hope and encouragement to all those who carry on a fight against discrimination and violence."

But Michnik took care to note that his common cause with Tutu runs deeper than simple resistance to tyranny. They share the inspiration of the democratic ideal. "We shall never be deprived of this hope," Michnik told Tutu, "by decisions taken by dictatorships which have replaced the power of argument by arguments of power, by martial law or states of emergency, by the sterile and empty reasoning directed against the green tree of life."

The subtle criticism of U.S. policy in South Africa should not be missed. The Reagan administration's policy of "constructive engagement" has collapsed. Its putative goals were to win the confidence of the white minority government, then to coax it toward democratic reforms. The first aspect of this policy is a model of unfortunate success, the second a complete shambles. As various bedraggled policymakers and intellectuals crawl from its wreckage, they are retreating toward the very "arguments of power" that Michnik laments. These battered bureaucrats now inform us (sorrowfully) that the hour for Bishop Tutu's good intentions is past. Pressuring the South African government in the name of democracy, it is said, will only advance the historical imperatives of the communists. Adam Michnik is not impressed.

It's not as if Michnik is unaware of the dangers of playing into the hands of communists. He simply knows better than to take too seriously the familiar bleat of the American right—that opponents of apartheid fail to appreciate the red menace. And, as a subject of Jaruzelski's Poland, he knows the generic danger of governments discarding their humanity in pursuit of such abstract historic duties as protecting "the working class." He can recognize the similarity between the South Africans' bogus defense of "Western values" and the Poles' bogus defense of "the people." Both are ruses, ways to dodge the democratic truth.

No doubt Michnik's letter will make little impression on Republican presidential aspirants, most of whom have already bruised their knees kissing Jerry ("Tutu is a phony") Falwell's ring. Its urgency, though, extends beyond South African policy. The letter, for example, implicitly says all that need be said about the Reagan administration's recent embarrassment in Argentina. In December five military commanders, all convivial with Reagan and his top aides early in the president's first term, were convicted of waging a war of antidemocratic terror against their own people, a war that killed at least 9,000 people, many of them lifelong democrats. The "sterile and empty reasoning" employed by the Reagan administration to encourage the generals in 1981-82 was also "directed against the green tree of life."

Indeed, Michnik's letter seems to speak to an even larger error: that of the "moral equivalence" between East and West. Conservative intellectuals rightly denounce leftists who equate the "people's democracies" of the Soviet bloc with liberal democracies of the West. Such talk is careless with, if not contemptuous of, the civil and political liberties generally enjoyed in the West.

continued on page 41

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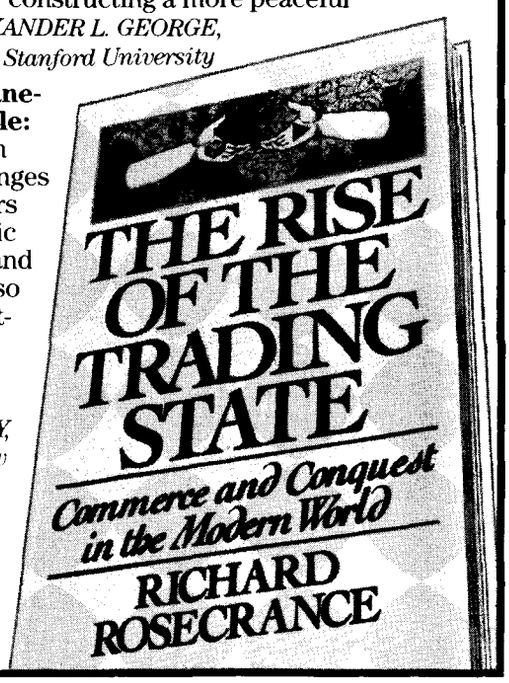

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CORRESPONDENCE

QADDAFI QUASHING

To the editors:

Your editorial "Move Over, Muammar" (January 27) said that when terrorists attacked the Vienna airport on December 27, "Austria's crack Cobra troops were nowhere to be found," thus suggesting that security was lacking.

In fact, it was due to the immediate reaction of Austrian security forces at the airport that the attackers were fought back and that further bloodshed was prevented. In a letter to Austrian chancellor Fred Sinowatz, President Reagan stated that the quick and effective reaction of the Austrian authorities undoubtedly saved many lives and expressed gratitude to the Austrian government for successfully apprehending the perpetrators of this heinous act.

LEOPOLD RADAUER
Austrian Embassy
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Let's bring back the good ol' days. Assassination of foreign leaders (this time, as you point out, we'll have to hire someone to hire someone to do the dirty deed). CIA plots to overthrow unfriendly governments (again, they're going to have to hire someone to hire some people to do it). Military actions against regimes we don't approve of (we can do that ourselves).

It didn't work before, and it won't work now. Or maybe you were kidding?

HOOMAN MAJD
Beverly Hills, California

SEX AND THE SISTERS

To the editors:

In his recent review of my book, *Immodest Acts: The Life of a Lesbian Nun in Renaissance Italy* ("Old Habits, New Habits," January 6&13), John Boswell asked whether the relationship I describe can be called lesbian since the women who performed the sexual acts believed or pretended that they involved a woman and a male angel. Apparently Boswell missed several key passages in the book where I discuss the question of Sister Benedetta's awareness of her sexual identity. These show beyond a doubt that I do not believe Sister Benedetta saw herself as a lesbian: "What she concealed [from herself] in her personification of male angel was not just her breach of the nun's vow of chastity, but her transgression of society's gender and sexual roles. Like the ecclesiastical authorities who heard the case, Benedetta lacked a cultural and intellectual framework to incorporate her behavior into her view of reality. Her preference for a sexual relationship with another woman, despite the fact that she could easily have secured male partners, as did other Pesciatine nuns, is not indicative of a clearly articulated choice. The only sexual relations she seemed to recognize were those between men and women. . . . In this double role of male and of angel, Benedetta absolved herself from sin and accepted her society's sexual definitions of gender."

JUDITH C. BROWN
Stanford University
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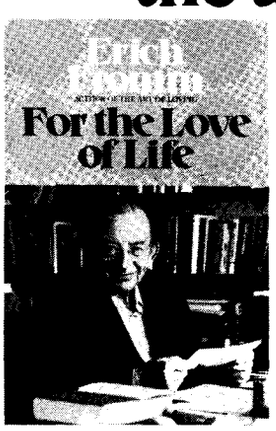
The final work from the man who taught us the art of loving.



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FRAMING INTENTIONS

To the editors:

Stuart Taylor excellently glosses the inconsistencies in both Attorney General Edwin Meese's criticism of the Supreme Court and the standard liberal critique of Meese ("Meese v. Brennan," January 6&13). He then plunges headlong into exactly the same sort of inconsistency.

Brown v. Board of Education was right, he writes, because "though departing from particular plans of the Framers, it honored their deeper, nobler intentions." *Roe v. Wade*, he contrasts, was wrong because the Court departed from the plan of the Framers to find a right that the justices believed was inherent in the Constitution's deeper intention.

Is that clear? No? Well, perhaps the real meaning of the comparison is to be found elsewhere in the article. *Brown*, Mr. Taylor writes, is criticized today only by "segregationist crank[s]," among whom he doubtless would not wish to be numbered, while *Roe* has been criticized by "many liberal scholars" including Archibald Cox, John Hart Ely, and Benno Schmidt. *Roe*-bashing, it seems, remains acceptable in the Ivy League.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 17, 1986

WHEN CHALLENGER FELL FROM THE SKY

With an immediate concern for the feelings of the pupils in his charge, Mr. Charles Foley, the principal of Concord High School, asked the students to return to their classrooms and the reporters and cameramen to leave the building. In that local and exact response, he distinguished himself from the hollow emotions that television tried to arouse in the American people from the moment Challenger exploded and fell from the sky. For a nation, rightly, a president speaks. Like presidents before him at such moments, President Reagan was adequate to the occasion and humble in his address. But as if that was not enough, all day the network anchormen assumed the duty of telling us what to feel. The event, the disaster, the tragedy, the grief: one by one they were transformed, beyond their measure, beyond their place, and above all, beyond the point where we could recognize ourselves.

Again and again the comparison was made to Dallas in 1963 and Memphis in 1968. But the explosion in the sky bore little resemblance to those tragedies. In Dallas and Memphis there were assassinations, and the acts were deliberate. Above Cape Canaveral there was an accident, a mechanical failure, or at worst (we may never know) a human error. In Dallas and Memphis the nation lost two unusual and significant leaders; in Challenger we lost five American men and two American women who might live next door. There was, perhaps, a common sense of loss uniting all three: in each case, a nation's hope for its future was dimmed.

But what the assassinations and the explosion truly had in common was the presence of the camera and the swarm of anchormen. They must spend a day inviting us to the titillation of watching a toy explode in the sky. That is what it became: television had launched a toy and made it explode—before our very eyes. The comparison to Dallas was made, in some cases explicitly, to exalt television as the legitimate creator of a common national emotion. Everything led to Koppel, and once he told us what to feel, we could go to bed secure in our emotions.

HEROES OF THE HEAVENS screamed the *New York Post* the next morning. Television had already spent a day making heroes out of five men and a woman doing their job, at a risk they knew and accepted, and one schoolteacher who had eagerly sought to join them in a mission she understood, again knowing and accepting the risk. It is brave to travel into space, and it is daring; and it is still something like a human miracle that we are up and out there at all. The bravery, the daring, the endeavor benefit us when we are reminded of them. But they do not, singly or together, make heroes. A soldier is brave and daring to go into battle; he is not by that reason a hero. He becomes a hero when by some conspicuous act he takes a risk that, more likely than not, will demand the sacrifice of his life.

It was not heroism that was at issue this time; it was symbolism. Challenger carried with it a human hope and yearning that is as old as the ages. After 25 shuttles we have been reminded, and some may have discovered for the first time, that what may have come to seem routine, scientific, technological in the astronauts is exactly what gives them their meaning in our place and time. That was what sending an ordinary citizen up into space was meant to recapture. And that excitement and wonder were precisely what Christa McAuliffe conveyed; those qualities came through not because of the press hype, but in spite of it.

The more obsessively the media watched the shuttle explode and the faces crumble, the less they saw. The world may be transfixed by disaster, but as Auden explained, it is not transformed.

> In Brueghel's *Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
> Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
> Have heard a splash, the forsaken cry,
> But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
> As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
> Water; and the amazing delicate ship that must have seen
> Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
> Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

In that, which might almost be about Challenger, Auden (and Brueghel) had the perspective right: he described the suffering, and he enabled us to recognize ourselves. The media once again got it wrong.

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NOTEBOOK

□ IN EUROPE LAST WEEK Shimon Peres said several times that King Hussein was about to come to the negotiating table. As the Jews say, "from his mouth to God's ears." We're quite skeptical. And if the king does come, we suspect it's primarily in order to persuade Congress to sanction the Reagan administration's proposed arms sale to Jordan. We hope we're wrong about Hussein's intentions and his abilities. If we are, we want especially to commend to all commentators and kibitzers a wisely provocative article by Pulitzer Prize winner Thomas Friedman in the *New York Times Magazine* of January 26. Friedman argues that the terms of compromise still imagined in Washington for the disputed territories between the Jordan River and Israel's pre-1967 armistice lines are all but obsolete. The Arabs have resisted diplomacy too long and the Israelis have grown too accustomed to their forward frontiers for what once seemed like a simple and sensible territorial compromise. The gap, Friedman argues, between what the Israelis can possibly give up and what the Jordanians can possibly accept is, at least for now, unbridgeable. So any compromise will have to be a functional compromise, the best sort of permanent settlement being an interim settlement. If the King actually drags himself and some Palestinians to the conference table, his friends in the West should not delude him into believing that he could get now what he would not even have gotten right after he stumbled into war in 1967.

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—*Washington Post*, January 24, 1986

Two Fed Nominees Indicate at Hearing Their Views May Clash With Volcker's

—*Wall Street Journal*, same day

□ FORGET THAT "HOUSE DIVIDED" STUFF: Abraham Lincoln is the latest conscript in the South African army. Herbert Beukes, South Africa's ambassador to the United States, quoted Honest Abe in the January edition of his monthly publication, *A Letter from South Africa*. Beukes prefaces the usual circumlocutions about his racist government with a passage from Lincoln's second annual message to Congress: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country." Next thing you know, Reagan will liken Botha to the Great Emancipator.

OPEC's last gasp.

'A GOOD SWEATING'

Houston

THE oil collapse of 1986 is the result of the oil boom that preceded it in the 1970s and early 1980s. Although the world actually used 18 percent less oil in 1985 than in 1977, the non-OPEC countries were producing 33 percent more oil. With the market shrinking, the OPEC countries cut back on their production, making room for the non-OPEC oil in order to keep prices up. But as a result the OPEC countries saw their production slide by half between 1979 and 1985. As more and more non-OPEC oil came into the market, their quotas proved ineffective. Finally, last fall Saudi Arabia in effect said it would not allow its production to drop below a certain level. It revised its system of oil trading to secure whatever market share it wanted and was willing to accept lower prices to guarantee it. In December all of OPEC followed suit by announcing it too would insist upon its market share. This set the stage for the January collapse.

Falling oil prices are a blunt message from Saudi Arabia and other OPEC countries to those oil-producing nations that do not belong to OPEC: "If you do not want to 'cooperate' with OPEC and restrict output, you can produce and sell your oil—but at only 50 to 70 percent of what you otherwise would have earned for each barrel." The tactic is an old one, employed by oil companies in the late 19th century, which periodically flooded the market with oil in order to force prices temporarily down and give their competitors "a good sweating."

Many of the players in the oil market are now perspiring heavily. Spot prices have plunged from a high of $31 a barrel late last year to as low as $18 or so in the past two weeks. To be sure, the spot market shows the extremes of what is happening in the industry. The average price worldwide moved down about three dollars to four dollars a barrel, to approximately $23 a barrel.

The collapse of oil prices represents a considerable victory of the "market" over a "managed" oil price. But two caveats are needed. The managed price of OPEC has always been influenced by the market, and the victory of the market is not quite as complete as has been popularly claimed. Still, the balance of power has shifted decidedly from sellers to buyers over the last half-decade.

The result is a massive redistribution of economic power and political influence. A price of $23 a barrel lops about $35 billion off what oil importers, primarily the industrial countries, pay to oil exporters. If the average price falls to $20 a barrel, as some predict, the reduction totals $60 billion to $65 billion, and the U.S. trade deficit declines by about $12 billion. All of this should add up to a major worldwide stimulus to economic growth. It's similar to a big tax cut, and has the great advantage of not increasing

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the deficit. The obvious loser is the oil-producing world—be it the Middle East, Mexico, or the Southwest of the United States.

OIL PRICES have been falling since 1981. This latest round of cuts completes the process of washing out the price increases of 1979-81. Adjusting for inflation, the new oil prices look to be almost exactly what they were in 1974-75, after the first oil shock; and if they fall to $20 or below, we will actually be below the 1973-74 increase.

Oil prices have collapsed for two simple reasons. First, capacity to produce oil around the world exceeds the demand for its products by 25 percent; and second, one group of producers (the OPEC countries) is no longer willing to give up its share in a shrunken market to another group (the non-OPEC countries). To some, this may suggest that there was no pressure on oil supplies in the 1970s. But the surplus exists today exactly because those supplies were tight in the early 1970s, and there was a more successful effort than generally expected on both the supply and demand sides to relieve the pressure.

The oil crises of the 1970s sent two messages—one was about rising prices and the possibility of further increases, and the other was about political insecurity. Individual consumers, companies, and governments got both messages, and to varying degrees they responded. They sought to reduce oil use and to develop new supplies outside the Middle East and outside of OPEC. The expectation of further oil price increases motivated a great deal of frenetic activity, thus proving that one of the best ways to make sure an economic forecast is wrong is for everyone to believe it and act upon it.

For the expectation of rising prices depended upon the continuation of previous trends. The rush of activity around the world obliterated these old tracks. The American automobile fleet became more energy efficient, as did the fleets of the world's airlines. In North America, Western Europe, and Japan various mixtures of coal, nuclear power, and liquefied natural gas captured electric-generation markets once supplied by oil. Relatively expensive oil in such places as Alaska and the North Sea—which probably would not have been economically feasible at pre-1973 prices—was brought into production by the end of the 1970s. Developing countries like Brazil and India started to become significant oil producers, driving imports out of their domestic markets.

The world was seeing the greatest boom ever in an industry that has always been characterized by booms (that are quite often followed by busts). For a time, it seemed, everybody was going into the oil business. Manufacturing companies suddenly were in the "E&P" business—exploring for and hoping to produce oil. Beverly Hills accountants were trying to turn themselves into Texas oil men. And it is said that parking spaces for jets were very hard to come by at the airport in Midland, Texas. In 1981-82, based on the expectation of rising oil prices, around half a trillion dollars were invested by energy-producing and consuming industries around the world. This boom is over.

The question now is whether producers outside OPEC will cooperate with those inside OPEC to cut back production—in effect, creating an expanded OPEC—or whether the resurgent market will reign supreme and the price will fall further. The focus is on the North Sea producers. Norway has hinted that it may decide to cooperate after all. But the key producer remains Great Britain.

The Thatcher government has taken all available opportunities to declare that it is philosophically opposed to intervention in the oil market, as in all other markets. It has been very busy selling off the commercial assets of the state and abolishing the tools for government intervention in the economy. What's more, the British press and politicians have been entirely caught up in the crisis over the sale of a helicopter company. The Cabinet has been fissuring, and the country is talking about leaked letters and political perfidy. The oil markets don't seem to be at the forefront of anyone's concern.

THE OPEC countries may be overestimating the interests of the British government. Although North Sea oil looms large in absolute terms, it still represents only a small fraction of the diversified, if somewhat rusty, British economy. The larger part of informed opinion in the United Kingdom likely believes that falling oil prices are better overall for the growth of the economy than higher prices. If Britain does end up making any small but symbolic cutbacks in production, it probably would do so not at OPEC's behest, but at that of the chief victims of the price cuts, such countries as Nigeria and Mexico.

Oil accounts for 65 to 70 percent of Nigeria's government revenues, and Mexico's debt is collateralized by its oil. Even before the price collapse, Mexico was going to have problems meeting its current debt obligations. These countries, in an effort to maintain prices and stave off domestic turmoil, are likely to take the lead in seeking to broker the interests of the various oil producers.

Even more problematic than the response of Thatcher is that of one of the world's most important exporters of oil, which happens also to be the world's largest producer of oil: the Soviet Union. Up to now, the Soviet Union has remained aloof from all oil diplomacy. But falling oil prices, coming on top of production problems that brought down Soviet exports last year, could result in possibly significant hard currency problems for the Gorbachev regime.

Insofar as the world's second largest oil producer, the United States, becomes involved in this process—if it does at all—it seems more likely to do so in response to concerns about the financial system than about the oil market. The discussion in Washington about a tariff on imported oil or a gasoline tax seems to have more to do with the requirements of Gramm-Rudman and the fiscal politics of the budget than with the number of active drilling rigs in

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the United States. Texas may be sweating, but Washington isn't.

DANIEL YERGIN

Daniel Yergin, president of Cambridge Energy Research Associates, is author of the forthcoming *Prize of the Venture: A Strategic History of Oil* (Simon and Schuster).

Flirting with the presidency.

CUOMO'S COMPLAINT

A prominent New York Democrat was explaining the other day how Governor Mario Cuomo could run for president without jeopardizing his reelection this year. He cited a recent *New York Daily News*/WABC-TV poll that found that New Yorkers, by a dazzling margin of 66 to 26 percent, think it's fine if Cuomo pursues higher office while serving as their governor. There would be no problem with resentment from constituents, this man declared, "as long as you're honest with people."

The speaker was Mario Cuomo, whose litany up to now has been, "You can't do both." His new realization that he can maneuver on the presidential scene without risking defeat at home is "a major breakthrough" for Cuomo, said one associate. "He understands it's not a negative. He's become liberated in terms of flirtation, and now he's flirting with the presidential thing. He's a great flirter."

Cuomo's latest tease is to hint that he might run for president just to prove that an Italian Catholic can win. Responding to a recent column by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, which criticized him for overreacting to the press's use of the term "Mafia" as a synonym for organized crime, Cuomo complained that doubts about his viability as a national candidate amount to an "ethnic slur" on Italian-Americans. Cuomo's outrage about prejudice is clearly heartfelt. But his heated response to the column—following his Mafia complaint—only raised doubts about his political judgment, and showed that he has barriers to surmount on his way to the 1988 presidential race that have nothing to do with his ethnic identity.

If anything, Cuomo's challenge will be to prove that a consummate New Yorker can win. When he decided to turn the fact of his ethnicity into a front-page issue, he was painting himself as a New York provincial. The widespread view in Democratic circles is that Cuomo vastly overstates the extent of political prejudice against Italian-Americans. His complaint makes sense in the context of New York, where more people trace their ancestry to Italy than to any other country, and where prejudice against Italians may indeed be a problem. But in many places, Italian-Americans are neither hated nor feared; they're unknown. Cuomo's reaction to the column unwittingly supports the very point that Democratic National Committeeman Donald Fowler of South Carolina was trying to make when he told Novak that "between Richmond and Houston, there are no Cuomos and damn few Marios." (Nevertheless, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, with roughly one percent Italian-American populations, have Italian-American statewide elected officials.) Fowler says he was only pointing up the sharp differences between New York and the South that Cuomo would have to overcome as a candidate.

Cuomo has often demonstrated a keen sense of the national mood. But his comments on ethnicity raise a question about whether he has a blind spot when it comes to understanding how the nation views him. A former Carter administration official, whose duties required frequent contact with New York politicians, marvels how different New York's view of itself is "from the reality of the way it is perceived" by the rest of the country.

Key supporters of the man who many Democrats see as their most attractive candidate in 1988 believe the most serious obstacle in the way of winning the nomination isn't Cuomo's liberal image but his lack of national campaign experience. "The biggest difficulty he has is this whole lack of having been around the track," said one. "What I see as a problem is his going to an area and just saying something that doesn't connect. If he goes to Des Moines or Phoenix, to him that's just another city or county. He doesn't understand the life or the texture of that area. He's never been exposed to it."

Mario Cuomo is emerging on the national scene out of a milieu that is at a considerable remove from much of the country—an old-fashioned, welfare-state political tradition for which he has been a most eloquent spokesman. He has known little else. More than any other major figure in politics today, Cuomo has stayed rooted to a single place. Except for one spring and summer as a 19-year-old minor league ball player in Georgia, he has passed all of his 53 years within 150 miles of his Queens birthplace. He didn't leave home to attend college and law school. He didn't go off to military service. He hasn't traveled widely as an adult. His one-day visit last month to Texas, which will soon surpass New York as the nation's second most populous state, was the first of his political life. A few years back, when he made his first trip to Washington as governor, recalls one who was there, "It was almost a foreign place for him."

Cuomo's ability to break out of his New York cocoon may be hindered by the insularity of his political operation. His campaign manager is his son Andrew. But as one source put it, "Mario Cuomo doesn't get his political advice from anybody. He's his own political adviser." (Like other Cuomo associates and aides who made negative comments, this source refused to allow his name to be used or his relationship with Cuomo to be characterized. The thin-skinned governor, several said, enjoys trying to figure out who is behind the unattributed quotes in stories about him.)

ALTHOUGH Cuomo denies that he plans to run, he is already taking steps to reach beyond his New York

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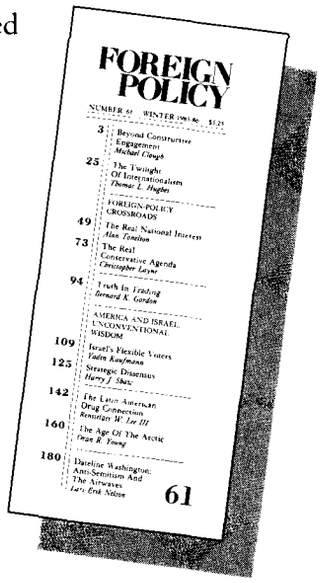

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base. His schedule for the first six weeks of the year includes appearances in the key states of Texas, Florida, and Illinois. He has also begun filling the voids in his experience. He has quietly asked Senator Sam Nunn and Representative Les Aspin, two of his party's top military experts, for advice on a series of defense-related questions. However, he is ducking the full-fledged "education" that presidential candidates go through, for fear of generating a wave of stories about his 1988 plans.

Cuomo is, after all, running for governor of New York. That's not a bad place from which to launch a serious presidential campaign. Victory this November would mean not only a return ticket to the mansion in Albany but continued disproportionate attention from the New York-centered national news media. Like sports stars such as Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle, whose New York uniforms enlarged their fame, the onetime center fielder for the Brunswick Pirates has been magnified by his hometown media base. Other presidential hopefuls were wildly envious, for instance, over the treatment Cuomo got last year when he spoke at Yale. The *New York Times* not only gave the speech prominent play. It also published a lengthy excerpt and even ran a photo of Cuomo drafting his address.

That kind of exposure is one reason Cuomo can afford to wait until next year to go all out for the presidency. But it also means he cannot learn the fundamentals of a national campaign in obscurity, as Jimmy Carter did. From the start, Cuomo will get unforgiving, gaffe-hungry national press scrutiny.

As he indulges a New Yorker's fondness for lively argument, there will be plenty to feed upon. His willingness to tackle difficult topics sets him apart from other candidates and appeals to many voters. But some supporters worry that in the long run Cuomo could be perceived as petulant as well as sharp-tongued. During the debate last year over New York's seat belt law, for instance, the governor characterized opponents as "NRA hunters who drink beer, don't vote, and lie to their wives about where they were all weekend." Cuomo now calls that comment "the blunder of the universe." And in testimony before Congress about the deductibility of state and local taxes, he cracked that citizens of New Hampshire could "secede" if they didn't agree with his view of federalism. Such comments, even when made in jest, can sometimes be difficult to explain in a national campaign. They can also prove damaging, as Gary Hart learned when he joked about New Jersey's toxic wastes in 1984, and then lost the primary there.

In an age of plastic politicians, a little candor is an asset. Some Democrats wonder, though, whether Cuomo's easily provoked outrage might become too much of a good thing. "There's a fine line there," said a strategist with experience in the last three presidential campaigns. "After the third or fourth time, people begin to think, 'That's great. Let's keep him in New York.' "

PAUL WEST

Paul West is a New York native who covers national politics for the *Baltimore Sun*.

What to do about Gramm-Rudman.

BUDGET BAZAAR

MOST MEMBERS of Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike, are now convinced that Gramm-Rudman cannot work unless President Reagan accepts a tax increase and military reductions. Yet nobody seems able to offer a political path to that outcome.

The deficit for fiscal year 1987 is likely to be about $200 billion. Under the Gramm-Rudman formula, that must be reduced to $144 billion. Since Gramm-Rudman precludes Social Security cuts, and since the president has rejected cutting the military or raising taxes, that means cuts in domestic programs of about $50 billion, with more to come in 1988.

Leaked budget plans indicate that the administration will propose shutting down entire programs, such as Legal Services, many of which enjoy enough broad bipartisan support to have survived David Stockman; and that it will ask Congress to sell off federal dams and public lands, as well as federal paper such as FHA loans. Were it not for the hammer of Gramm-Rudman, these schemes would command little support. Programmatically, domestic spending has suffered enough. Indeed, with unemployment bottoming out at eight million jobless, one can make a good case for more federal spending on jobs and job training.

Fiscally, the plan to sell off public assets is a sleight of hand. It is not just a philosophical question of whether the government ought to be in the business of making loans; repayment of these loans produces income for the Treasury. Selling a government loan denies the government a projected stream of revenue in future years; it doesn't really reduce the deficit, but only borrows from future income. It is exactly the sort of cynical accounting gimmick Gramm-Rudman was supposed to avoid.

President Reagan's isolation from fiscal reality is startling. Even senior White House officials have been telling reporters, on a not-for-attribution basis, that a tax increase will be an inevitable part of the 1986 budget bargain. A surprisingly broad consensus of the nation's economists holds the same view. The problem is that no political leader, especially no Democrat, wants to be the first to propose a tax increase; and the Democrats also remain gun-shy, so to speak, about the charge of being soft on defense. The ghost of Walter Mondale still haunts them. House Speaker Tip O'Neill, now in his final year, has vowed that President Reagan must blink first on a tax increase. With younger House Democratic leaders jousting to succeed Tip as speaker, none is willing to propose a substitute budget plan with a tax increase and substantial defense cuts. Even younger liberals, such as Representative David Obey, chair of the Joint Economic Committee, think it is institutionally impossible for Con-

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gress, or the congressional Democrats, to devise a coherent political alternative to Gramm-Rudman. Obey observes, "It is hard enough for Congress to vote for a tax increase when the president wants one. When was the last time Congress approved a tax increase that the president didn't want?"

WELL, the last time was 1982. In 1982, you will recall, Congress had just passed a massive tax cut requested by the president. At the time the Federal Reserve Board was running a depressive tight money policy to wring out inflation, the economy was in the deepest recession since the 1930s, and Mexico was on the verge of insolvency. The president, then as now, was dead set against a tax increase; but he and his Republican allies were also dreadfully worried about facing the 1982 elections with a recession worsening.

At that time, the White House and Congress were putting intense pressure on Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker to loosen the money supply. But Volcker made it clear that nothing would be done until Congress repaired the fiscal hemorrhage. Ultimately, Senator Robert Dole acted as point man on the tax increase, Democrats joined in, Reagan went along reluctantly, Mexico was bailed out, and in July 1982 Volcker reversed his monetary policy. The Fed abandoned its experiment of holding the money supply within restrictive targets, and recovery followed. Had Congress not acted to repair some of the fiscal damage wrought in 1981, the deficit today would exceed $300 billion.

The most likely scenario for 1986 repeats 1982. Now as then, there is intense pressure on Volcker to run a looser monetary policy. Now as then, Volcker says nothing doing until Congress and the president get the fiscal house in order. There are also similar international pressures—a spiraling trade deficit and the prospect of a second Mexican default.

Can Volcker broker such a deal a second time? Probably. In some respects, his leverage is slightly weaker now, since Reagan's new appointees to the Fed, Wayne Angell and Manuel Johnson, expected to be confirmed in February, were selected to support a looser monetary policy. Nominally, Volcker will soon be part of a three-to-four minority defending relatively tight money. But he still controls the policy-setting Federal Open Market committee, made up of the seven governors plus five presidents of regional Federal Reserve banks—who owe their jobs to Volcker. In 1986, just as in 1982, the path to a tax increase will likely go: Volcker to Dole to Jim Baker to Reagan, with the Democrats quietly cheering from the sidelines.

President Reagan will send up his budget on February 4. It will be dead on arrival. Congress then has until April 15 to adopt its own budget; it will fail. As the spring wears on, pressure will mount for the White House again to accept "reluctantly" a tax increase. If Congress and the president have not agreed on a budget by September 15, then the president may order across-the-board cuts, affecting the vulnerable 42 percent of the budget. Presumably, President Reagan is eager to avoid this, because the cuts would also affect the Pentagon. On the other hand, some congressional Democrats fear that Reagan will hold fast on taxes, order the across-the-board cuts, and then trump up some Grenada-style crisis to justify a supplemental defense appropriation.

Despite Reagan's isolation on this issue, he remains the president. For Democrats the danger is that Congress will continue to seem the problem. One can imagine Reagan issuing the order to cut across the board, blasting Congress's inability to make hard choices, and blaming Democrats for the specific program cuts that follow.

What, then, might the Democratic opposition do now to increase the chances that a grand budget compromise will include mostly new revenues and military cuts, rather than more savaging of social programs? One school of thought holds that Democrats are too divided to formulate a common position, that Volcker and Senate Republicans have the only leverage, and that in any case Democrats can't bear the political onus of proposing a tax hike. In this view, Democrats can only wait and let the stew thicken.

It seems to me, however, that the gain of providing some leadership outweighs the loss of being identified with a tax increase, which both parties will ultimately have to share anyway, as they did in 1982.

Some prestigious group of Democrats, perhaps with Republican allies, ought to get busy and issue a liberal alternative to those full-page budget manifestos that former commerce secretary Peter Peterson and his friends keep publishing. The manifesto should say that domestic spending has been cut enough; that the deficit is the result of a military buildup coupled with an irresponsible tax cut, and that the solution is a military rollback and new tax revenues. The Rostenkowski bill, which closes corporate loopholes, is a good place to begin. A revenue-raising version of the House-approved Rostenkowski plan would take his corporate tax increases but cap the individual tax cut at incomes of $30,000; one could also imagine a progressive valued-added tax. Either way, combining a $25 billion tax increase with a $25 billion military cut would meet the Gramm-Rudman target.

Even if some Democrats failed to sign on, this would have the virtue of staking out a liberal position, which would be useful once the bargaining over further program cuts gets serious. Democrats would also be better positioned in November if they stood for a clear alternative, rather than for institutional stalemate.

It is a sign of the times that the closest thing to a Democratic opposition leader on economic policy is Paul Volcker. Unless Democrats devise a budget plan consistent with their professed values, the Gramm-Rudman steamroller will flatten not only the federal government, but the Democratic Party as well.

ROBERT KUTTNER

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The newest challenge to the Reagan Doctrine.

THE POVERTY OF REALISM

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

REALISM IS BACK. The realpolitik school of foreign policy is enjoying something of a revival. As might be expected from a foreign policy outlook that disdains ideology, the phenomenon crosses ideological lines. A scan of the latest issues of the three major foreign policy quarterlies shows how many lines are crossed. Reading from right to left, we find Robert Tucker in *National Interest*, George Kennan in *Foreign Affairs*, and a pair of articles in *Foreign Policy* by Alan Tonelson and Christopher Layne, each offering a version of realism. And for historical weight, the revenge of the realists coincides with the publication of a new edition of the realist classic, Hans Morgenthau's *Politics Among Nations*.

In the 38 years since the book's first edition, the fortunes of the realist school have fluctuated, but judging from Morgenthau's disciples, the central themes remain remarkably unchanged: that idealism in foreign policy is moralism misplaced and dangerous. That such idealism—a mix of universalism, sentimentalism, and ideological utopianism—has characterized American foreign policy since its emergence from 19th-century and, later, interwar isolationism. That it must be replaced with a literally disillusioned foreign policy centered on its proper object, national interest, variously defined, but classically by Morgenthau: "interest defined as power."

What accounts for the return of realism, a political philosophy never very congenial to American sensibilities?

Historically, the nemesis of Morgenthauian realism was liberal internationalism, which, from Franklin Roosevelt through Lyndon Johnson, dominated American foreign policy thinking. Its vision was that of an activist, interventionist America; its aim was the promotion abroad of both freedom and world order; and its preferred means were to be international institutions (such as the U.N.), the rule of law, and collective security.

As Thomas Hughes, president of the Carnegie Endowment, points out, the liberal internationalist consensus encompassed, in fact, two internationalisms: the U.N. system and the anticommunist alliance. The U.N. system appealed particularly to the postwar left emerging from the antifascist alliance. Anticommunism appealed to the right and cemented the Truman-Vandenberg alliance, which ended conservative isolationism. The first was "soft inclusionist internationalism stressing universality"; the other, "a harder exclusionist internationalism" pledged to the defense of the West.

The marriage was uneasy and did not last. With Vietnam came divorce. Liberal internationalism split into its two original tendencies. On the left, the fracture produced a foreign policy school that gave rhetorical allegiance to universalist ends (now renamed "human rights") and urged continued reliance on traditional internationalist means, such as the U.N., to achieve them.

The insistence on the means (justified now by a doctrine of interdependence) makes the allegiance to the ends suspect. In 1946 we did not know quite how powerless international institutions would prove to be. (To be sure, the realists had no illusions.) By 1986 we do know. Whatever else may be said of the U.N., the Organization of American States, the World Court, etc., they are not particularly effective instruments of American foreign policy. They are often (as was, for example, UNESCO) a positive hindrance to American aims and action. To insist, therefore, that they be relied upon is effectively to betray indifference to those aims and actions. It is to choose a foreign policy of passivity and quiescence. And to insist on these means as a *substitute* for American action, as is the dominant view of the Democratic Party (the 1984 party platform is an ode to multilateralism), is, in fact, to choose a new and ill-disguised form of isolationism. (See "Isolationism, Left and Right," March 4, 1985.)

The other heir of liberal internationalism has been variously called the new globalism, global unilateralism, interventionism, or simply a return to containment. In my view, it is best called neo-internationalism because it adheres most faithfully to the ends—and thus the internationalist spirit—of the old liberal internationalism.

Neo-internationalism insists that the end of American foreign policy is not just the security of the United States, but what John Kennedy called "the success of liberty." That means, first, defending the community of democratic nations (the repository of the liberal idea), and second, encouraging the establishment of new liberal polities at the frontier, most especially in the Third World. Both missions require for their success an assertive, activist, interventionist American foreign policy.

Neo-internationalism retains the vision of its predecessor, but has given up on the means, on the grounds that faith in them was based on utopian assumptions. The international arena is not a community, but a state of nature. The mere existence of international institutions and conventions does not prove the contrary. A post office in the state of

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nature is not evidence that conflict has given way to community. At most, it is evidence of the hope for such a transition. The refusal of the warring parties to agree to a social contract or any other means of monopolizing power is more telling evidence. It shows that the hope remains only a hope.

For the U.N. to serve as an instrument of peace it needed to be a committee of the Great Powers acting in concert. As the postwar world rapidly evolved into two warring camps, the chances for that disappeared. The neo-internationalist response to that development is best characterized by Stanley Hoffmann: "the old ideals of collective security, international law, and resistance to aggression [were] now interpreted as the cause of the free world against the Soviet Union." Or, as Hughes would have it, a "harder exclusionist internationalism" displaced the "soft inclusionist internationalism stressing universality." U.N. gave way to Cold War.

Neo-internationalism gave up the old means and replaced them with unilateral Western, and if necessary, unilateral American action. But its aims (like those of its East bloc counterpart and parallel, proletarian internationalism) remained supranational in scope and ideological in spirit.

The Three-Cornered Debate

THE conflict between neo-isolationism and neo-internationalism has, since Vietnam, dominated the foreign policy debate in the United States. It still characterizes the parliamentary debate in Congress, where liberals and Democrats tend to gravitate to the former position, conservatives and Republicans to the latter.

But there is a third side and it does not lie in the middle. Realism challenges the premises of both. On the question of means, the realists side with the neo-internationalists. Realists have few illusions about international law or the U.N. or other such means for securing American interests. As to ends, realists reject all internationalist pretensions, whether rhetorical (neo-isolationist) or real (neo-internationalist). The realist concern is precisely, and exclusively, with American interests, and not with freedom, human rights, or any other woolly and expansive ideological ends inherited from liberal internationalism.

The fracturing of the liberal internationalist consensus into its component and warring schools, and the rise of the realists in opposition to both, thus have produced a three-cornered debate. Neo-isolationists fault the others for giving up on international institutions and world order. Neo-internationalists fault the others for giving up on the promotion of freedom. And realists fault the others for abandoning the notion of the national interest.

In theory the realist critique should be directed equally at both descendants of liberal internationalism. In practice it is not. Its fire today is reserved for neo-internationalism. Why? The answer has to do with the correlation of forces: the progressive weakness of the neo-isolationist school and the rising strength of neo-internationalism.

Neo-isolationism hardly requires concentrated attack, since it collapses so easily of its own weight: the contradiction between its ends and means. It embraces traditional American values abroad but forswears the means to realize them. Such a view still has emotional, and thus political, appeal—it offers grand visions with minimal exertion—and therefore regularly flowers in election years. But it is intellectually spent.

One small example. Senator Paul Simon, Democrat of Illinois, writing in the *New York Times*, urges that the United States submit to compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court for reasons of "not just idealism but also realism." (Everyone wants to be known as a realist.) How so? "It behooves us to support an international forum where we can redress grievances against nations that refuse to abide by the norms of civilized states." But what possible effect can World Court rulings have on nations that Simon himself defines as outlaw nations? No matter. Simon then cites his one example to show how the court can be useful: its assistance to the U.S. position in the Iranian hostage crisis. How sad that the hostage crisis, a supreme demonstration of the impotence and irrelevance of the mechanisms of international law, is all that Simon can find to buttress his case.

The realists, therefore, see a real threat coming from a newly ascendant neo-internationalism. What particularly concerns them is the rapid rise of the centerpiece of contemporary neo-internationalism, the idea around which the (nonnuclear) foreign policy debate now revolves: the Reagan Doctrine.

The Reagan Doctrine

A year ago the phrase "Reagan Doctrine" did not even have a meaning. Today its meaning is clear, and its promise, for the realists, a present danger.

To be sure, before 1985 the Reagan Doctrine was a term used often, but indiscriminately. It meant any part of the Reagan foreign policy that critics found offensive. It was most popular with Soviet bloc spokesmen. For a time in the East European countries it was to mean "the possibility of waging and winning a limited nuclear war using preemptive offensive strike weapons such as cruise and Pershing missiles" (Prague radio, February 1984). According to Nicaraguan foreign minister Miguel D'Escoto (April 9, 1984), it was "the right of a country when it believes its interests are best served to practice covert activities." Moscow even stretched it once to mean establishing "axes and triangles and other military political organizations" using Middle Eastern countries from Saudi Arabia to Turkey as part of "an experimental strategy of setting up broad fronts against the Socialist world."

It no longer means whatever the user wants it to mean. Since President Reagan's 1985 State of the Union address, it has come to mean something very specific: American support for anticommunist revolution as the centerpiece of a revived and revised policy of containment. In effect, ten years after Vietnam, a coherent policy reasserting the return of active American intervention in the world has been formulated.

The president himself has yet to use the term, and it can be argued that he has yet to implement fully the policy.

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But he certainly did enunciate the theory: "We must not break faith with those who are risking their lives on every continent from Afghanistan to Nicaragua to defy Soviet-supported aggression." The legitimacy of support for "freedom fighters," subsequently promoted by the president and amplified by Secretary of State George Shultz, has become the pillar of the Reagan policy of containment.

This policy deserves the honorific "doctrine" because it is a successor to the Truman, Nixon, and Carter doctrines, which variously attempted forms of containment. These previous formulations had sought to limit the expansion of the Soviet empire by means of direct American assistance for counterinsurgency, support for regional powers, or the threat of unilateral American intervention. The Reagan Doctrine faces a new historical situation—the overextension of the Soviet empire during the 1970s—and proposes a new approach: supporting and thus legitimizing challenges by indigenous insurgencies to vulnerable new Soviet acquisitions. The Reagan Doctrine is thus both an ironic parallel to Khrushchev's doctrine of "national liberation," long a preferred instrument of Soviet expansionism, and a direct challenge to the Brezhnev doctrine, which proclaims that the Soviet bloc does not contract.

DRAWING BY K. LAUB-NOVAK FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Rolling back Soviet acquisitions (albeit only at the periphery, where there is no threat of general war) is the innovation of the Reagan Doctrine. But it is part of a larger, neo-internationalist vision of America's role in the world. The elements are simple: Anticommunist revolution as a tactic. Containment as the strategy. And freedom as the rationale.

One of the realist critics describes this revived internationalism well. Christopher Layne calls it "global containment—recast as the Reagan Doctrine," which "commits the United States to resisting Soviet and Soviet-supported aggression wherever it arises; to building American-style democracies in Third World countries; and to rolling back communism by aiding anticommunist insurgencies." Precisely.

The Realist Critique

FOR the realists, this return to "crusading ideological internationalism," as Layne puts it, is a disaster. The point of foreign policy, they argue, is not the promotion of ideology but the protection of national interest. As Morgenthau wrote 40 years ago, statesmen must distinguish "between their 'official duty,' which is to think and act in terms of the national interest, and their '*personal* wish, which is to see their own moral values and political principles realized throughout the world." (His italics.)

The realist critique of the Reagan Doctrine and, more generally, of neo-internationalism revolves around national interest. There is a problem, however, with national interest as a guiding foreign policy idea: at some point it must be endowed with meaning. When that is done, one of three things results: (1) if it is defined strictly, the definition must be so narrow as to lead directly to (often acknowledged) isolationism; (2) if it is defined crudely and arbitrarily as a kind of synonym for ad hoc pragmatism, it is no foreign policy guide at all; (3) if it is defined expansively, it leads to a foreign policy little different in practice from the neo-internationalism it purports to critique.

Start with the narrow definition. For a small country, national interest means national security and very little else. A small country does not have the luxury of other interests. Its interest is survival. Milan Kundera once defined a small nation as "one whose very existence may be put in question at any moment. A small nation can disappear and knows it." Czechoslovakia, for example, is a small nation. Lithuania was. The United States is not.

A great power is practically defined by its having interests beyond the security of its borders. Therefore, if it decides nonetheless to take national interest to mean only national security, it essentially renounces its position as a great power. All the more so for a superpower. For a superpower, national security is a given. The idea of anyone making an assault on American national territory or even threatening it in a meaningful way is, at best, farfetched. If the security of the United States is the only goal of American foreign policy, all that is needed is a minimal deterrent arsenal, a small navy, a border patrol, and hardly any foreign policy at all.

In his attempt in *Foreign Affairs* to rescue us from our current follies by means of "the sterner requirements of

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political realism," George Kennan bears out this proposition rather cheerfully. He starts by defining a country's national interest narrowly: "military security, the integrity of its political life and the well-being of its people." He ends by declaring the need for a foreign policy whose essential virtue lies "in our own minding of our own business wherever there is not some overwhelming reason for minding the business of others." A superpower concerned only with safety faces no such overwhelming reasons. Which is why Kennan sees no reason not to call himself a "neo-isolationist."

Christopher Layne's realist attack on the Reagan Doctrine shows just where this narrow definition of national interest can lead. "There is no Third World region or country whose loss would decisively tip the superpower balance against America." As for the loss of raw materials, we could get around that by "diversifying sources of supply, by stockpiling, by developing synthetic replacements, and by using natural substitutes." In other words, autarky, economic isolationism. And, finally, the cornerstone of his new foreign policy based on national interest: Marshall Plan II, a firm timetable for a phased American withdrawal from Europe and Japan.

General Marshall might not be amused. Nor Morgenthau. Nor some modern realists. This isolationism of the right is even more extreme than that of the left, few of whose adherents are ready to pull out of Europe and Japan. (Neither is Kennan. He writes off only the Third World.) Most realists say they don't mean an autarkical Fortress America when they invoke national interest as the sole criterion for American intervention.

What, then, do they mean?

SOME mean pragmatism: be concrete, don't be bound by ideological rules, don't make foreign policy decisions abstractly. Tonelson offers this "concrete idea of national interest—a finite set of intrinsically important goals either essential or beneficial to the country's survival, its prosperity, the psychological well-being of its population, or any combination of these." He believes that foreign policy decisions should be made on a case-by-case, region-by-region basis, each on its own merits. Overarching ideas—ideology—become traps.

His nemesis is abstractness. His solution is arbitrariness. "Psychological well-being" can mean nearly anything. And what is an "intrinsically important goal"? It doesn't solve anything to argue for a case-by-case choice of goals, unless one has some firm idea of what the guiding national interest criterion means. Without a strict and applicable definition, the pursuit of "goals" becomes an excuse for ad hoc policy made in response to the pressures and prejudices of the moment.

The fallacy here is the idea that national interest is some objective thing waiting only to be discovered. A great power does not find its interests. It chooses them. Which is why realists disagree wildly about what is, in fact, an American interest. They disagree not just about border issues, like Korea, but about core issues, like Europe. Tucker claims that Europe and Japan constitute the core of American national interest abroad. Layne calls for an American pullout. Both are certain that their position is dictated by considerations of national interest.

But beyond physical security, national interest dictates nothing. A superpower *claims* an interest. It is not given. Once a great power defines national interest beyond the terms of its own safety, it necessarily enters the realm of values. There are no objective criteria for deciding whether the Persian Gulf, Southeast Asia, Grenada, or even Europe are vital American interests. It depends on what you think we are to do in the world. To have any interest beyond one's boundaries and one's immediate security is, in other words, to talk about oughts.

Realists, of course, resist the word. The result is tautology. Robert Tucker writes of Soviet vital interests: "Where a policy of [Reagan Doctrine, anticommunist] liberation is materially injurious to Soviet vital interests, it entails a risk of confrontation with Moscow; where it entails no risk of dangerous confrontation, it is not materially injurious to Soviet vital interests and position." Apply this to, say, Nicaragua. How are we to know whether the Soviets will risk conflict over it? If it is a vital Soviet interest. How are we to know if it is a vital Soviet interest? By observing whether they are prepared to risk conflict over it.

The "pragmatic" variant of the "national interest" school, so appealing in principle, is useless in practice. It provides no answer to the question of how to act. It forces a change only in the terms of the discussion. Instead of asking, "Shall we do X?" a policymaker is required to ask, "Is X a national interest?" But without a strict definition of national interest, he still does not know what to do.

THERE is a third way, originally conceived by Morgenthau, to define national interest, and it solves this problem. Morgenthau did not mean national interest to be a synonym for isolationism, nor did he mean it to be the semantic dodge offered by pragmatism. He meant something quite specific: interest defined as power. The pursuit of the national interest meant the pursuit of national power and the practice of balance-of-power politics in the classical 19th-century mode.

Realism as realpolitik. Finally, a definition that means something. But what are its implications? What is so striking about the realpolitik version of the national interest criterion is how little the foreign policy it produces differs, in practice, from that of the "ideological" foreign policy it attacks. The reason is, of course, simple: unlike the 19th century, the 20th century (and particularly the postwar world) has seen the superimposition of ideological conflict on traditional great power conflicts. Ideology and power overlap.

The overlap shows up dramatically even in Morgenthau's writing in the late 1940s. He criticizes Wilson for the way he took us into World War I: it was not to make the world safe for democracy, but to preserve the balance of power in Europe. But Wilson's decision was right,

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says Morgenthau. He says the same about FDR taking us into World War II. "For Roosevelt, as for Wilson before him, the war was being fought for universal humanitarian ideals," whereas, in fact, it was another balance-of-power exercise, not an ideological crusade. Most important, Morgenthau argues the same for the cornerstone of postwar internationalism, the Truman Doctrine. Another good policy, says Morgenthau, again justified for the wrong reasons. It was necessary to retain the traditional balance of power in the Eastern Mediterranean, rather than to launch an ideological war against totalitarianism.

Today the overlap is equally striking, and the reason obvious. The Soviet Union is not just an ideological opponent, but it is also the great rival to American power in the world. Take away communist ideology, and leave only an expansionist and dynamic Soviet Empire—which is the realist analysis of the world—and one might still choose American policies similar to those arrived at by way of ideological, Reagan Doctrine neo-internationalism. Containment, building alliances, even supporting anti-Soviet insurgencies can all be justified as balance-of-power instruments.

Realpolitik vs. Neo-Internationalism

NEO-INTERNATIONALISTS would not deny it. What, then, separates them from realpolitik realists? Two things. (1) Rationale: why we should intervene abroad, and (2) analysis: why others intervene abroad.

Rationale. For the Morgenthauian, power is an end in itself. For the neo-internationalist, this is insufficient reason, particularly in a democracy, for intervention. Power must be in the service of some higher value. And that value is freedom, or more generally the spread of Western political norms: pluralism, (human) rights, and democracy.

The neo-internationalist does not deny that the spread of these values supports American power, nor that American power is needed to support the spread of these values. He does deny the central realist premise: that the purpose of such foreign exertions is the increase of America's power for its own sake.

He denies it because he does not believe it. He believes that the American conflict with the Soviet Union is not simply the blind struggle of two imperialisms, but a struggle with a moral meaning and a moral purpose; that, the emergence of political liberty being an episodic and unusual historical phenomenon, we live in a rare historical moment; that because of historical accident (the exhaustion of Europe in two world wars) the United States is the one nation on whom the success of liberty most depends; and that such a fragile commodity, which provides the philosophical basis of the American polity itself, is a good worth defending in and of itself.

Furthermore, the neo-internationalist denies that power is an end in itself because the American people do not believe it. Why have American leaders so consistently appealed to ideology? The reason is that America has no stomach for balance-of-power politics. Henry Kissinger, often considered the quintessential realist, knew that well. He always made sure to subordinate his realism to the requirements of ideology. There is a very strong—and, given America's geographic isolation, a very logical—native American instinct against intervention for any reason. If Americans are going to intervene in the world, it has to be for something more than just interest defined as power. It is interest defined as values.

Analysis. And finally, the neo-internationalist denies that power is an end in itself because it is not clear that even our adversaries believe it. Here is where realpolitik realists and neo-internationalists part ways on analysis. Realism factors ideology out of international affairs. The axiom of realism, that nations naturally pursue interest defined as power, blinds one to the crucial connection between belief, however irrational, and foreign policy. (It also produces a paradox: If the pursuit of power for its own sake is the natural activity of states, why are realists always needed to teach it to them?)

Take away the ideological perspective, and one simply misses a crucial determinant of international action. It is perhaps imprudent—unrealistic—for the Sandinistas to pursue an internationalist foreign policy (proletarian variety), allying themselves with Cuba and the Soviet Union, and attempting to turn their neighbors into like-minded states by means of subversion. But that does not prove they are not doing so. It certainly does not prove that they do not want to do so. That requires empirical evidence.

Of course ideology alone does not dictate foreign policy. Not all countries ruled by Marxist-Leninists are pro-Soviet and anti-American. Yugoslavia and China are the outstanding counterexamples. Neo-internationalism does not deny that Nicaragua could, in principle, turn into a Yugoslavia or a China. It simply suggests that one judge the chances of that happening by examining the words, actions, and history of the Ortega brothers or Tomas Borges rather than by deciding what a "realist" Nicaraguan foreign policy would look like. After all, Nicaragua's intrinsic "national interests" could not have changed terribly much between 1978 and today. Its foreign policy has.

Ironically, it is the realist analysis that is trapped in dogmatism. It simply assumes that nations are driven by the quest for power, not by ideology. Realists are forever insisting, for example, that the Soviet Union is not messianic but simply imperialist. What is the basis for assuming that Gorbachev is driven in no part by a belief in the superiority of his social system? That is a proposition for which the evidence lies overwhelmingly on the other side.

The Cardinal Sins: Universalism

REALISTS insist that their quarrel with neo-internationalism is about more than just rationale and analysis. The heart of their concern is consequences, the consequences of the great cardinal sins of internationalism: universalism and moralism.

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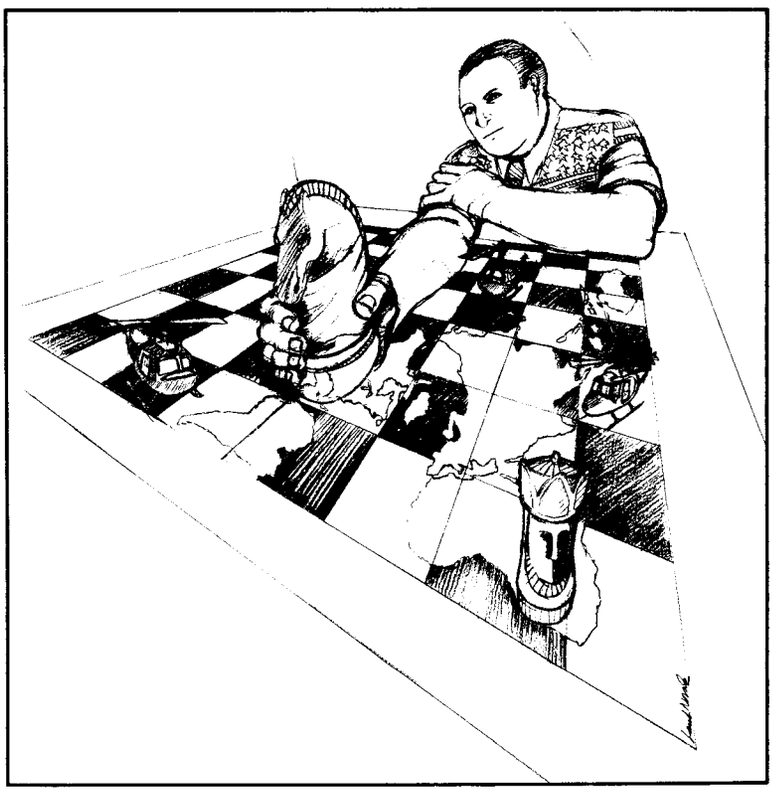
Once ideology rather than national interest becomes the lodestar of American foreign policy, the United States becomes universally committed. This theme appears in every realist critique. JFK's ramparts of freedom are too vast. A commitment to freedom necessarily implies that it must be defended everywhere at all times, perhaps even at all cost. It becomes impossible to set priorities, impossible to practice prudence. Neo-internationalists will put an American under every tree. The consequences are clear: at home, ruinous cost and bankruptcy; abroad, overextension and disaster.

Morgenthau defined prudence as "the adaptation of morality to circumstances." Precisely. Why, then, the assumption that the moralist or ideologist cannot accomplish the same feat of adaptation? Neo-internationalism insists on the legitimacy of intervention, both on strategic and moral grounds. But legitimacy is a necessary, not a sufficient, condition for intervention. An ideologically founded neo-internationalism does not imply that no prudential judgment is required. After the question "Should it be done?" is answered, the question "Can it be done at reasonable cost?" must immediately follow. This holds true whether the answer to "Should it be done?" derives from considerations of power politics or ideology.



DRAWING BY K. LAUB-NOVAK FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Take, for example, the East bloc version of internationalism. It is universal in hopes and goals, but prudent in practice. It ceded Grenada to overwhelming force without making threatening gestures elsewhere where it had a predominance of power. Nor has it committed itself to Nicaragua, where it is also in a position of relative weakness. There is no reason why a Western foreign policy, also universal in aspiration, need be any less prudent in application. Does anyone believe that if the Afghan guerrillas falter, Reagan Doctrine advocates would push for American troops to carry the fight?

A prudent neo-internationalism requires only that one keep in mind that a foreign policy based on the idea of freedom has two objectives: (A) assuring the security of the existing democratic world, and (B) attempting to promote democracy in places where it does not yet exist. The principal threat to these objectives is the Soviet Union. Therefore containing its power must be a primary obligation of an ideologically based foreign policy. (Hence the overlap with a foreign policy of pure realpolitik.) But it is not the sole obligation. (Hence the departures from a foreign policy of pure realpolitik.)

How does this play out in practice? Objectives A and B are usually compatible, as in, for example, U.S. support for revolution in Third World countries ruled by pro-Soviet, Leninist regimes, and U.S. support for democratic "third forces" in countries, like Chile or the Philippines, ruled by pro-American despotisms. In both cases, the imperatives to contain Soviet power and to promote freedom on the ground are in harmony.

But occasionally they are not, in which case prudence must adjudicate between them. Consider three examples.

China. Should the United States enter into some alignment with China against the Soviet Union? First of all, any American foreign policy will have a negligible effect on internal Chinese developments. And there is no plausible democratic alternative to the regime in Peking. Thus objective B is not a consideration. And since a vigorous anti-Soviet China does weaken the Soviets' geostrategic position, and thus contributes to objective A, support for China is both prudent and wholly consistent with neo-internationalist ideals.

Taiwan. Should the United States abandon Taiwan to strengthen ties with China? Since doing so would have a marginal effect on China's Soviet policy, but a major effect on the degree of freedom in Taiwan, the neo-internationalist answer must be no. (Note that if realpolitik is the only consideration, the second point should be considered irrelevant and sentimental.)

Cambodia. Should the United States support the anti-Vietnamese insurgents? From the point of view of objective A, yes: the insurgency bleeds Vietnam and prevents it from consolidating control over all of Indochina. However, the leading guerrilla force is the Khmer Rouge, support for which must be incompatible with a foreign policy that proclaims the promotion of freedom as its objective. The Reagan Doctrine must exclude support for

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genocidists, or betray its ideological justification. (I have even come to the view that military aid—as opposed to rehabilitative and resettlement aid—to the non-Communist Cambodian insurgents is unjustified, so long as their contribution to the war is marginal and so long as it appears certain, as it now does appear, that any insurgent victory would mean the return to power of the Khmer Rouge.) Here is a case where consideration B overrides consideration A. Note, first, that if this were a life-and-death struggle, as was the war against Hitler, prudence would dictate the contrary conclusion: in such a case, alliance with Stalin, forerunner to Pol Pot, is permissible. Note, further, that in the Cambodian case ideology exerts a *restraining* influence on American foreign policy. Pure realpolitik would permit a more interventionist "universalist" policy of support for the Khmer Rouge.

THE realists' claim that prudence is their exclusive property is so mystifying that it must be explained as deriving from the Vietnam experience. "If we had not been so ideologically committed, we would have gotten out earlier." But Kissinger and Nixon, who went to China in the midst of the war and who kept us in in the hope of withdrawing on better terms, were hardly starry-eyed ideologists. They were perhaps the most realpolitik-oriented foreign policy leaders of the postwar era.

"What about, in the first place, getting into a war we couldn't win?" But we did not know we couldn't win. And as soon as we did, that was reason enough for both realist and neo-internationalist to get out.

"But the realist would have known that Vietnam was not a vital interest." What does that mean? In any calculation of realpolitik, control of Indochina and the acquisition of naval bases on the South China Sea must be considered strategic assets, for the United States and all the more so for the Soviet Union, which had no alternative bases in the region.

The point is not that Cam Ranh Bay was worth ten years of war. Only that invoking the realist phrase "national interest" does not tell you what cost Cam Ranh Bay would have justified. Was Grenada a vital American interest? American security was hardly vitally compromised while Grenada was in pro-Soviet hands. Does that mean the invasion was a mistake?

Realists are right that cost-benefit calculations need to be applied to intervention. But their application of this standard to interventions they don't like makes one suspect that they may be guided less by objective criteria than they claim. Consider the current warning that the Reagan Doctrine is economically ruinous and militarily dangerous. It is, in fact, in purely economic terms astonishingly cheap. Aid to the *contras* is now $27 million, and the administration wants $100 million. Even at that level it amounts to three-hundredths of one percent of the defense budget. Nor is the threat of "overextension" any greater. Reagan Doctrine intervention in Afghanistan and Nicaragua (and Angola, if aid is now "covertly" to go to UNITA) confronts Soviet expansionism without the expenditure of American lives and without any direct threat to the Soviet Union. If these are the consequences of universalism, then it ranks as one of the most cost-effective tools of American foreign policy.

THE CARDINAL SINS: MORALISM

REALISM is left with one last charge against neo-internationalism, a charge that brings out what little passion realism permits itself. The charge is moralism. Morgenthau inveighed against "the moral disease of the crusading spirit in politics." Forty years later George Kennan ("Morality and Foreign Policy," *Foreign Affairs*, Winter 1985-86) has devoted 6,000 words to updating the argument.

"Government is an agent, not a principal," he writes. "Its primary obligation is to the *interests* [his emphasis] of the national society it represents, not to the moral impulses that individual elements of that society may experience." Note the false opposition. The opposition should be to "the moral impulses *of the national society*." If government is an agency, of course it should not bow to the impulses of individuals. But if government is an agency, why should it not be an agent for the moral impulses *of the society*? This Kennan does not say, though by linguistic device he pretends to have proved it should not.

Assume, for the sake of argument, that government should respond only to the interests and not the moral impulses of the national society. (Think, by the way, of how absurd this principle is if applied to domestic affairs.) Does it then follow that there is to be no morality in the conduct of foreign policy? Is it all cynicism?

No, says Kennan. We should observe certain moral rules. First, avoid "the histrionics of moralism." This means act correctly "without self-consciousness or self-admiration, as a matter of duty or common decency." These are, however, matters of style. Kennan confuses etiquette with morality. Miss Manners for statesmen is not yet morality.

Kennan's second exception does require him to engage in real moral discourse. Notice what happens to the realist when he approaches this forbidden zone. Kennan opposes clandestine operations. He admits that Stalinist secret operations presented a great apparent danger to postwar Europe. For our part, however, we should not reciprocate. Why this exception to the anti-moralist rule? Because "excessive secrecy, duplicity and clandestine skulduggery are simply not our dish." (More manners.) And because we should prevent too many repetitions of operations like the capture of the *Achille Lauro* hijackers. He does say the American diversion of the plane bearing the hijackers was correct. "But such operations should not be allowed to become a regular and routine feature of the governmental process." (If the capture is justified, by what logic should operations like it not be?)

The anti-moralism of the stern realist comes to this: (1) Political morality should not be part of our foreign policy. (2) An exception is carrying out clandestine operations: they are not our dish. (3) An exception to this exception is the capture of the *Achille Lauro* hijackers. (4) Similar exceptions to the exception are not permitted.

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A moral philosopher Kennan is not. However, the incoherence of his position results not just from tortured logic, but from the anti-moralist pose Kennan adopts. It must be so. No realist can possibly believe his own anti-moralist hard line. Therefore, when he tries to entertain moral considerations or acknowledge fundamental moral constraints, language fails him. Having forfeited a moral vocabulary, he is led to absurdities.

Consider. Kennan asks himself the obvious: Are not these restrictions on secret operations "a serious limitation on our ability to contend with forces now directed against us? Perhaps; but if so, it is a limitation with which we shall have to live. The success of our diplomacy has always depended, and will continue to depend, on its inherent honesty and openness of purpose. . . ."

Kennan wants to come out for honesty and openness—good idea—but he cannot use "moralist" language. So he must claim that they are the key to success in foreign policy. Really? The Soviets have achieved in 70 years perhaps the greatest foreign policy successes since the British empire; their diplomacy is hardly a monument to honesty and openness. Perhaps the most open and honest American diplomacy since World War II was conducted by Jimmy Carter. It was hardly crowned with success.

Anti-moralism leads to worse than absurdity. Consider Kennan again. He anticipates the charge that his anti-moralism might be taken as "an apology" for awful regimes. How could that be, protests Kennan, coming from "one who regards the action in Afghanistan as a grievous and reprehensible mistake of Soviet policy, a mistake that could and certainly should have been avoided?"

Now, this is taking moral neutrality to the extreme. Again, it is a direct result of the poverty of the moral language that the realist permits himself. The most Kennan can say about a Soviet "action" that lies somewhere between brutal tyranny and outright genocide is that it is a mistake, as in "Stalin's mistakes" or "Mao's deviations." Kennan adds that "certain of the procedures of the South African police have been no less odious to me than to many others." Certain procedures. This is moral mendacity of a high order.

That such speech should be a consequence of "the sterner requirements of political realism" should give pause to realists, particularly since they are forever warning about consequences. The realist case against moralism is an argument about manners. It is opposed to moral preening. Fine, but that amounts to a case against moralizing, hardly a difficult one to make. The case against moral content in foreign policy simply turns on itself.

The Future Of Realism

REALISM finds itself at a historically awkward moment. It was born in opposition to Wilsonian utopianism. It flourished as a critique of liberal internationalism and its excessive faith in parchment barriers. When liberal internationalism split in two, it was the left isolationist heir that retained the utopianism and disdain for power that realism had always found so distasteful. And yet realism today does not direct much ammunition at this corner of the three-cornered debate. It concentrates its fire instead on neo-internationalism.

The principal reason is that neo-isolationism is in decline, and neo-internationalism, now centered around the Reagan Doctrine, in power. But there is irony here, since the great lesson of realism was its insistence on the centrality of power in international relations, and neo-internationalism fully absorbed that lesson.

Something else is needed to explain the vehemence of the realist attack on neo-internationalism and its relative neglect of neo-isolationism. There *is* another reason, and it provides a hint of where realism may be headed: many realists like where the neo-isolationists come out, even if they prefer a different route for getting there. Realism is not isolationism, but can be and seems increasingly drawn to it.

Realism and isolationism have no necessary affinity. Morgenthau's realism is, in principle, very expansive, and Morgenthau himself was a resolute opponent of isolationism. The pursuit of power is hardly a prescription for a passive foreign policy. But many of the new realists seem less inclined toward the notion of "interest defined as power" or to the practice of balance-of-power politics. They prefer to define interest as security, or define interest not at all, and retire.

WE MAY, therefore, see a fracturing of the realist school paralleling the fracture of the liberal internationalism. One wing adopts a constricted view of American national interest, producing a minimalist form of realism. It finds common cause with left neo-isolationism, providing it, in effect, with a right wing. (The first stirrings: Anthony Lewis championed Layne's realism in the *New York Times*.)

The other realist wing, defining interest as power, finds common cause, on many issues, with neo-internationalism. (Morgenthau himself later adopted the view that the central fact of the U.S.-Soviet conflict was ideological and that power politics had to take that into account.) This school will still disagree with neo-internationalism on doctrinal foundation, on analysis, and on a range of issues. But its outlook would remain activist and interventionist.

The three-cornered debate may thus soon collapse into two. As debate about the Reagan Doctrine intensifies, alliances will form. Some realists, of the realpolitik school, will suppress their disdain for the ideological language of Reagan Doctrine neo-internationalism and take up its cause. But judging from the recent outpouring of realist writing, I suspect that most who call themselves realists will suppress instead their disdain for the ideological language of the left and take up the neo-isolationist cause. Some of these realists, like Kennan, will have no difficulty calling themselves neo-isolationists. Others will simply put forward more Marshall Plans II—and III and IV—and do neo-isolationist work, for which they will modestly decline to ask acknowledgment. □

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...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength.

"We are so different, and yet, we are all one." *"I've never seen so many women, of so many different ages, colors, sizes and shapes, and I think it's amazing. We are so different, and yet, we are all one.*

--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.

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'THE SANDINISTA LOBBY': AN EXCHANGE

To the editors:
Fred Barnes's article "The Sandinista Lobby" (January 20) contains several references to the Americas Watch that are tendentious and factually wrong.

Barnes writes that "Juan Mendez of Americas Watch . . . went to the trouble of taking [Nicaraguan defector Alvaro Jose] Baldizon to lunch. . . . But Americas Watch seems more interested in countering Reagan's attacks on Nicaragua than checking out Baldizon's evidence." Actually, Mendez attended the public briefing at which Baldizon spoke and held two private meetings with him that were difficult to arrange because the State Department was reluctant to have him meet with us. Following those meetings, on December 3, we sent Baldizon a ten-page letter raising questions about the story he tells. That letter concludes: "We will continue researching your allegations by every possible means. In that endeavor, it would be a great help to us if you could answer these questions in as much detail as possible, and if you could suggest persons and places to visit, in Nicaragua or elsewhere, in order to verify your statement."

At this writing, eight weeks later, Baldizon has not responded. Aside from seeking more detail about Baldizon's charges, our letter asks him to explain inconsistencies and false assertions. Some of his puzzling statements are relatively trivial. (Such as his claim that some Sandinista abuses he says he investigated took place in a mountainous area of northeastern Nicaragua; Mendez, who has visited the area several times, pointed out to Baldizon that the area is as flat as a pancake.) Some are more troubling. (Such as why Baldizon told Mendez that he had never heard of Walpa Siksa, a place where the Americas Watch has reported that Sandinista soldiers murdered seven Miskito youngsters; Mendez told Baldizon about it. A few days later, in meeting other human rights activists who also asked about Walpa Siksa, Baldizon acted as though he knew all about it and insisted that no one had been punished for the murders.) What puzzled us most about Baldizon's story is that he claimed to know many details about Sandinista crimes because he investigated them under the direction of Minister of the Interior Tomas Borge. He also said that Borge ordered many of those abuses. Why, we asked Baldizon, would Borge want his own crimes thoroughly investigated and documented? In our experience, those engaged in such crimes try to cover them up.

Barnes also faults the Americas Watch for not measuring Nicaragua's human rights record against "the logical standard," which, he says, is "the Sandinista promise of political pluralism and a mixed economy." Instead, he says, we "found the one human rights standard that the Sandinistas can meet: Is their human rights record as bad as Reagan says?"

Actually, "the logical standard" is the same standard that is used to measure every other country—the standard of "internationally recognized human rights." We don't evaluate economic matters in assessing any country. We do evaluate political pluralism, and such matters as extrajudicial murders, disappearances, torture, and freedom of expression. The Americas Watch has published eight reports on Nicaragua since May 1982; only one of them compares Nicaragua's record with what Reagan says.

Barnes mentions our assessment that there has been a "sharp decline" since 1982 in Sandinista violations of the laws of war. To refute this, Barnes says, "Baldizon, for one, would quarrel with that." Our response is: So what? We have tried to do a careful and comprehensive job in documenting abuses. Whether or not Baldizon quarrels is less important than whether he produces reliable evidence. Until he responds to our questions and we have an opportunity to check his responses, we will suspend judgment.

ARYEH NEIER
Vice chairman
Americas Watch

To the editors:
Mr. Barnes appears more interested in attacking organizations that disagree with the Reagan administration's interpretation of events than in pursuing the truth.

The Washington Office on Latin America (WOLA), contrary to Mr. Barnes's allegation, was represented at the October 3 briefing arranged by the State Department for Mr. Baldizon, the Nicaraguan government defector. In addition, I spoke to Mr. Baldizon twice—once in person and once by telephone—and was unable to persuade the State Department to allow Mr. Baldizon to come to a meeting WOLA wanted to arrange for him with other human rights organizations. It is appalling that Mr. Barnes would devote the lead paragraphs of his article to such accusations when he failed to get the facts.

I have never talked "scornfully" about the Guatemalan elections to Mr. Barnes or anyone else, as he claims. I joined millions of Guatemalans in hoping and praying that the election can begin to wean the military from decades of savage rule. It is deplorable that Mr. Barnes interprets realism about the character of Guatemala's military as scorn for the recent elections.

WOLA, moreover, joined with the International Human Rights Law Group (IHRLG) in sending delegations to observe elections in both Nicaragua and Guatemala. Mr. Barnes's strong suggestion is that WOLA blesses the Nicaraguan elections and damns the Guatemalan one. Closer scrutiny of the facts would have revealed that the reports were prepared by independent delegations—not WOLA. Had he read the reports carefully, he might have reported their clear conclusions: that although the elections were adequate, caution must be exercised about the future of democracy in both countries.

Over its 12-year history, WOLA has arranged meetings for Latin American opposition leaders of many political persuasions, including several who are now Latin American presidents: José Napoleón Duarte of El Salvador, Vinicio Cerezo of Guatemala, Alberto Monge of Costa Rica, Salvador Jorge Blanco of the Dominican Republic, Rául Alfonsín of Argentina, and Julio Sanguinetti of Uruguay. It would be interesting to consult these presidents to learn whether or not they agree with Mr. Barnes's conclusions about WOLA.

Mr. Barnes also asserts that WOLA selectively promotes dialogue in El Salvador and ignores similar concerns in Nicaragua. As WOLA has arranged meetings for Guillermo Ungo and Ruben Zamora of the FDR, WOLA has also arranged meetings for Brooklyn Rivera, Alfredo Cesar, and Antonio Jarquin, prominent Nicaraguan opposition leaders. However, Mr. Barnes is so wedded to the *contras* that in our conversation he did not even seem to recognize

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the names of these influential Nicaraguan opposition forces.

With distortion and disregard for the facts, Mr. Barnes does a disservice to THE NEW REPUBLIC readership, and tries to disguise propaganda as responsible journalism. In his zeal to condemn WOLA and other organizations as a "Sandinista Lobby," Mr. Barnes sacrificed the truth. Such articles poison the political climate, making an honest and objective debate on the merits of the administration's position even more difficult.

JOSEPH T. ELDRIDGE
Director
Washington Office on Latin America

To the editors:

Fred Barnes's attempt to smear my report "Contra Atrocities in Nicaragua" ignores its verified accuracy.

Each account is based on the sworn affidavits of eyewitnesses—145 in all—who were selected and interviewed with no government interference. Each eyewitness is identified by name, age, place of birth, and complete mother's and father's names. This was to ensure that their accounts could be further verified. Four independent groups have done so. Michael Glennon, former chief counsel to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and Donald Fox, a New York corporate lawyer, after conducting 30 interviews in Nicaragua, concluded that my report was accurate. The *New York Times* and Americas Watch verified incidents chosen at random. And recently Christopher Dickey of the *Washington Post* corroborated one of the most shocking incidents—the kidnapping, torture, and murder of two elderly Christian activists from Esteli.

Instead of using these corroborating reports, Barnes refers only to a "Reagan administration examination" that apparently questions some of the witnesses' accounts. Unfortunately, the State Department has steadfastly refused to make its "examination" public, since it apparently confirms the vast majority of the atrocities. Rather, it has attempted to peddle the stories of two "defectors" who claim I was in the pay of the Sandinistas. One of these men—whom Barnes quotes uncritically—was Bayardo Payan, the half brother of Mike Lima, the *contras'* chief of operations and the alleged perpetrator of some of the worst *contra* massacres.

REED BRODY
New York, New York

Fred Barnes replies:

I didn't accuse Americas Watch, WOLA, and the others of serving as agents, paid or otherwise, of the Sandinista government. I simply said they apply a double standard on human rights issues, tough on pro-American countries in Central America and on the *contras* in Nicaragua, easy on the Sandinistas. And I suggested they were "Sandinista sympathizers." That's all.

Regarding specific complaints, I'm blamed for factual errors, but then none is cited. Certainly Aryeh Neier doesn't cite any. When I talked to Juan Mendez, he did seem more interested in raising doubts about Baldizon's charges. Now Neier, in his letter, seems just as interested in the same thing. Mendez said that Baldizon made "some mistakes" and "contradictions," and added that "some information he professes to know firsthand is really third- and fourth-hand." Moreover, Mendez said disparagingly that some of Baldizon's information was "in conflict with other information we have." It's fine that Mendez followed up with a long list of written questions for Baldizon. But why was he—and now Neier—knocking down Baldizon's case even before the man had replied? By the way, Baldizon has doubts about A.W., too. He tells me that Mendez assured him that his [Baldizon's] brother had been freed from a Sandinista jail. Not so, says Baldizon. Anyway, he says he will reply to Mendez's letter.

I'm glad that only one of eight reports on human rights in Nicaragua compares that country's record with what Reagan claims. Still, I'd like to see one that judges El Salvador's performance on human rights against the case made by its harshest critics on the left. When A.W. publishes one like that, it will be less vulnerable to the criticism of a double standard.

Neier dismisses Baldizon's insistence that Sandinista abuses did not taper off after 1982, as A.W. claims. In truth, Baldizon was in a far better position, as chief of the special investigations commission of Nicaragua's Ministry of Interior until July 1985, than Neier or Mendez has ever been. Would Neier dismiss the word of a defector from the El Salvador government? I doubt it.

One thing Neier's letter reflects accurately is A.W.'s sanctimony. A.W. may be cautious in claiming abuses in Nicaragua, but not in El Salvador. It has used highly questionable figures there, and only grudgingly has conceded that President Duarte has improved the human rights situation. And despite A.W.'s claim that it takes no position on U.S. policy in Central America, reports authored by an A.W. staffer are included in the information book of the Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, which bitterly opposes U.S. policy. One report says there are "credible" charges that Nicaraguan jailers use "corporal punishment." In El Salvador, that's known as "torture."

Regarding WOLA, I didn't say it wasn't represented at the session with Baldizon; I said Eldridge wasn't there. Here was an extraordinarily important defector, and he sent a minion. Despite meeting with Baldizon—two conversations so inconsequential that Baldizon doesn't even remember them—Eldridge has yet to sit down with him for a substantive talk. That's exactly what I said. Eldridge now says he's waiting for Baldizon to call back. If you are truly eager to meet someone, waiting by the phone isn't the way to accomplish it. To prove the point, I called the State Department on January 22 to arrange a private talk with Baldizon. I had to call back several times, but on January 24 Baldizon and I had a two-hour talk. It is not that hard to see him alone, if you really want to.

Eldridge says his remarks on the Guatemalan elections were not meant scornfully. I accept that.

I agree with one point Reed Brody makes about the State Department's examination of his report. The department ought to release it publicly rather than leak what it says. But I'm not about to turn down leaked information. And Brody doesn't refute the errors cited by the department. His report, for all the affidavits, remains open to question. Nor does he deny the assertions of two Nicaraguan defectors that he is a Sandinista enthusiast and a critic of U.S. policy. And nobody said he was in "the pay" of the Sandinistas, only that they picked up the tab for his expenses in Nicaragua. He disclosed this in the preface to his report.

My main point about the Brody report was that it represents a double standard. It concentrated solely on abuses by the *contras*, of which there have been some. But where is the Brody report on human rights abuses by the Sandinistas? If Brody's interested in doing one, there's a good place for him to start—by getting in touch with Baldizon.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Looking Back, Looking Ahead

All of us have private albums, filled with snippets of films that we have otherwise forgotten. One such sliver for me, still poignant, is from a 1936 British picture called *Nine Days a Queen*. (In Britain it was called *Tudor Rose*.) The teenage star Nova Pilbeam played the leading role, the hapless Lady Jane Grey, and the moment I remember is the beheading. The ax rises into the sky, then whizzes down out of sight; a cannon goes off to signal the death, and the shot startles a flock of birds that wheel upward from a battlement, while we hear the reprise of a madrigal that was sung earlier. That's absolutely all I remember of the film, and perhaps it's just as well. Graham Greene, then the film critic of the *Spectator*, called it "one of the more distressing products of the British screen . . . smooth, competent, if rather banal, but . . . . there is not a character, not an incident in which history has not been altered for the cheapest of reasons." Still, that final moment lingers.

Lady Jane
(Paramount)

Brazil
(Universal)

Now comes *Lady Jane*, attended by impressive talents and by its own alterations, but with no moment that will linger in memory. Even the execution is not as well composed as it was in 1936. The urge to treat the story again is easily understandable: Jane Grey is a wonderful subject. She has attracted novelists and dramatists. Nicholas Rowe wrote a tragedy about her as early as 1715, which was later adapted into German by Christoph Wieland. I've read that there are operas about her. The British made a silent film about her in 1923. Clio has done a lot of the novelist's and dramatist's and scenarist's work in advance.

When Henry VIII died in 1547, his sickly nine-year-old son, Edward VI, who succeeded him under a Protector, became the chief Protestant bulwark against the reinstatement of Catholicism by his half sister Mary. Within a few years, the Protestant Duke of Northumberland, realizing that Edward couldn't last long, arranged the marriage of his son Guildford, aged 19, to Lady Jane Grey, not yet 16, because she had a claim to the succession and was a devout Protestant. Northumberland further maneuvered the dying Edward to bequeath the crown to Lady Jane. Edward died on July 6, 1553. On July 9 Jane was crowned, with Guildford as her consort. But Mary, 37 and strong, was not to be kept from the throne by a gambit played with adolescent pawns. Mary moved quickly and decisively. Queen Jane, who had reigned for precisely nine July days in 1553, was deposed, along with her husband. Both were imprisoned. On February 12, 1554, both were beheaded. He was not yet 20; she was not yet 17.

These bare statistics are moving enough, but the story is made all the more pathetic by the facts of Jane's character. She was a quiet, pious, studious, witty child, quite uninterested in all the politicking around her. In a day when learning was not common among women, even among gentlewomen, she was proficient in Greek and Latin and could write well. (A volume of her "literary remains" exists.) As for her wit, one recorded instance, included in the film, is an exchange with a Catholic who kneeled at an altar that contained the Host. When Jane asked why she kneeled, the Catholic replied that it contained God, who had created her. Jane then said that if God had created the Catholic, the baker had created God. (Not profound theology, but pretty good repartee for an adolescent.) She had not met Guildford before their betrothal—in fact, her mother had to literally beat her into accepting the match—but they apparently grew as fond of each other as their brief time together permitted.

The trouble with Jane's story for audiences today is the trouble with most historical king-and-queen plays: how to become concerned with the rivalries and murders of remote people with remote ambitions. Drawing analogies with our own lives is often not easy. The story of Jane in itself is irresistible, but in order to get to it, to understand it, we have to proceed through a lot of trite and dusty council-chamber hugger-mugger and stale conspirings. Even Shakespeare is not immune from this difficulty; it takes dogged devotion to get through *King John*. Then what is the author of *Lady Jane* to do before he reaches the engrossing core of this film? Even when the author is the gifted English playwright David Edgar, we have trouble with all those bearded mutterings and knowing looks before we get to the heart.

Once he can center on Jane and Guildford, Edgar works to make them immediate, but much of what he does is dubious. He treats Guildford, in the days before his betrothal, as a sort of

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Out of Africa. A wobbly adaptation of Isak Dinesen's book (and complementary material), but worth every minute because it gives Meryl Streep a locus for her magnificent performance as Karen Blixen. (Reviewed 1/20/86)

Ran. For people who revere Akira Kurosawa, it is unthinkable to miss his version of *King Lear*. (*Ran* means "chaos.") Not his top-rank work, still it's direction by a master. (1/6&13/86)

Shoah. Hebrew for "holocaust." Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half-hour documentary—all filmed since 1976—is a massive memorial: testimony by survivors of the Final Solution, witnesses, and participants. A monument. (10/28/85)

Young Sherlock Holmes. Produced by Steven Spielberg, these capers of the schoolboy Holmes and Watson are never credible and almost always amusing. (12/30/85)

SK

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Prince Hal before he became King Henry—a tavern roisterer. Edgar makes Jane's dialogue as modern as possible. (She says "How do you do.") When she has to mount a horse to ride side-saddle—something she must have done dozens of times before—she becomes impatient, changes to doublet and hose, and rides astride, which, for a girl of her class, would have been almost like riding à la Godiva. When she and her new husband take up residence in the ex-abbey given to them by Edward, they are worried about the starving peasants who had been driven off the land. True enough, there were peasants left without land when Henry expropriated the abbey holdings that these people had once tilled; but these newlyweds are swept by floods of compassion and egalitarianism that seem much more Edgar than Tudor. ("Can the strong never be good?" cries Jane.) This is the David Edgar who stuck the spurious "socially significant" final moment onto the RSC production of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

The director of that production, Trevor Nunn, who is also joint artistic director of the RSC, makes his debut as a feature film director with *Lady Jane*, and does so with an almost miraculous lack of distinction. Nunn's best work is in some of the casting. John Wood is incisive as the scheming Northumberland. Michael Hordern suggests depths as the Catholic prelate Feckenham. Jane Lapotaire is trenchant as Mary, Patrick Stewart is brutally righteous as Jane's father, and Cary Elwes shows tenderness as Guildford. But Nunn has cast Jane's mother and her lady-in-waiting with two women who look almost like twins, Sara Kestleman and Jill Bennett, and in the obviously crucial casting of Jane herself, Nunn has flubbed. Helena Bonham Carter comes from a distinguished English family and has the appropriate quality for the role but not much more. She has a lollipop face and a remote voice that doesn't come closer even in her most intense moments. In her discovery of love with her young husband, Bonham Carter can't entirely dampen the inevitable heat, and in the grim moments on the scaffold, again she can't entirely fail. (Jane did indeed blindfold herself, then could not reach the block and cried, "What shall I do?" Feckenham helped her.) But it's the role that sustains Bonham Carter. A talented young actress could have expanded the role.

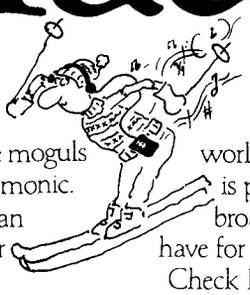
Everything else is handled by Nunn only with minimal competence. (Note that the director of the RSC permits "schism" to be pronounced "skism.") Result: the story of Lady Jane Grey, seemingly forged by fate to be filmed, is still waiting for an adequate film.

Terry Gilliam, of Monty Python, is a smart writer, deft performer, and frisky director. (He directed *Time Bandits*.) What could he have been thinking of when he made *Brazil*? One thought he must certainly have had was of *1984*, and I don't know why that didn't stop him. The script by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown is so close to *1984*, in its filmed version, that any distinction is not worth making—on paper, let alone on screen—except to say that *Brazil* is much inferior. (The title has nothing to do with the story: it's the title of the old pop song, reiterated on the sound track, used to suggest an impossible land of beauty and romance.)

In that now-predictable mechanized future, an office worker, Jonathan Pryce, dreams cerulean winged dreams about meeting an ethereal blonde, only to wake up to his Orwellian life. One day he catches a glimpse of his dream girl, Kim Greist, except that she is in fact an earthy truck driver. He pursues her through the huge, inhuman government buildings of this future hell, a pursuit complicated by government tussles and terrorist attacks. Oppression, inhumanity, and force continually grab at Pryce until he joins the girl and until they are ripped apart.

Some of the incidentals are funny: Pryce's mother and her elderly friends and their repeated plastic surgeries; a desk that is shared by two offices (a desk-shaped hole is cut in the dividing wall); a squad of uniformed brutes rehearsing a Christmas carol in a ghastly duct-filled basement. The lighting by Roger Pratt and the designs by Norman Garwood are macabre. Robert De Niro makes brisk brief appearances as a man seeking revenge after his life is disrupted by the fall of a bug into a computer. But *Brazil* doesn't add up to much, not only because its cautionary tales are familiar, but because it has no real point of view, nothing urgent under its facile symbols. And the story winds on and on looking for a finish. Three or four times I reached for my coat prematurely. □

Ski Strauss



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Questions with and without answers.

LIGHT ON THE CAMPS

BY PRIMO LEVI

WHILE I was in the camp the need to tell the story was so strong that I began to describe my experiences there, on the spot, in that German laboratory laden with freezing cold, the war, and vigilant eyes; and yet I knew that I would not be able under any circumstances to hold onto those haphazardly scribbled notes. As soon as I returned to Italy, I felt compelled to write, and within a few months I wrote *Survival in Auschwitz*. Some 15 years later, I wrote *The Reawakening*, which is the natural continuation of its older brother. I have been asked many questions about those books, which I propose to reply to here.

In your books there are no expressions of hate for the Germans, nor of the desire for revenge. Have you forgiven them?

I regard hatred as bestial and crude, and prefer that my actions and thoughts be the product, as far as possible, of reason. Much less do I accept hatred directed collectively at an ethnic group, for example at all the Germans. If I accepted it, I would feel that I was following the precepts of Nazism, which was founded precisely on national and racial hatred. I must admit that if I had in front of me one of our persecutors of those days, certain known faces, certain old lies, I would be tempted to hate, and with violence too; but exactly because I am not a fascist or a Nazi, I refuse to give way to this temptation.

I believe in reason and discussion as the supreme instruments of progress. Thus, when describing the tragic world of Auschwitz, I have deliberately assumed the calm and sober language of the witness, not the lamenting tones of the victim or the irate voice of someone who seeks revenge. I thought that my account would be more credible and useful the more it appeared objective, the less it sounded overly emotional; only in this way does a witness in matters of justice perform his task, which is that of preparing the ground for the judge. The judges are my readers.

All the same, I would not want my abstaining from explicit judgment to be confused with an indiscriminate pardon. No, I have not forgiven any of the culprits, nor am I willing to forgive a single one of them, unless he has shown (with deeds, not words, and not too long afterward) that he has become conscious of the crimes and the errors, and is determined to condemn them, to uproot them from his conscience and from that of others, because an enemy who sees the error of his ways ceases to be an enemy.

Did the Germans know what was happening?

How is it possible that the extermination of millions of human beings could have been carried out in the heart of Europe without anyone's knowledge?

The world in which we Westerners live today has grave faults and dangers, but when compared to the countries and times in which democracy is smothered it has a tremendous advantage: everyone can know everything about everything. Information today is the "fourth estate." In an authoritarian state it is not like this. There is only one Truth, proclaimed from above. The newspapers are all alike; they all repeat the same one truth. Propaganda is substituted for information. It is clear that under these conditions it becomes possible (though not always easy: it is never quite easy to do deep violence to human nature) to erase quite large chunks of reality.

Still, it was not possible to hide the existence of the enormous concentration camp apparatus from the German people. What's more, it was not (from the Nazi point of view) even desirable. Creating and maintaining an atmosphere of undefined terror in the country was one of the aims of Nazism. It was just as well for people to know that opposing Hitler was extremely dangerous. In fact, hundreds of thousands of Germans were confined in the camps from the very first months of Nazism: Communists, Social Democrats, liberals, Jews, Protestants, Catholics. The whole country knew it, knew that in the camps people were suffering and dying.

It is true that the great mass of Germans remained unaware of the most atrocious details of what happened later in the camps: the methodological industrialized extermination on a scale of millions, the gas chambers, the cremation furnaces, the vile despoiling of corpses—all this was not supposed to be known, and in effect few did know it, up to the end of the war. Among other precautions, in order to keep the secret, only cautious and cynical euphemisms were employed by the official language: one did not write "extermination" but "final solution," not "deportation" but "transfer," not "killing by gas" but "special treatment." Not without reason, Hitler feared that this horrendous news, if it were divulged, would compromise the blind faith that the country had in him, as well as the morale of the fighting troops.

And yet varied sources of information were available to most Germans. Knowing and making things known was one way of keeping one's distance from Nazism. But most Germans didn't know because they didn't want to know. Because, indeed, they wanted not to know. It is certainly true that the German people, as a whole, did not even try to resist. In Hitler's Germany a particular code was widespread—those who knew did not talk; those who did not know did not ask questions; those who did ask questions received no answers. Shutting his mouth, his eyes, and his ears, the typical German citizen built for himself the illusion of not knowing, hence of not being an accomplice to the things taking place in front of his very door.

Were there prisoners who escaped from the camps? How is it that there were no large-scale revolts?

These are among the questions most frequently put to me. They must spring, therefore, from some particular-

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Primo Levi is the author most recently of *The Periodic Table* (Schocken) and *If Not Now When?* (Summit Books). *Survival in Auschwitz* and *The Reawakening* are being reissued this month by Summit Books.

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ly important curiosity or need. My interpretation is optimistic: today's young people feel that freedom is a privilege that one cannot do without, no matter what. For them, consequently, the idea of prison is immediately linked to the idea of escape or revolt. The concept of escape as a moral obligation is constantly reinforced by romantic literature, by popular literature, and by the cinema, in which the hero, unjustly (or even justly) imprisoned, always tries to escape, even in the least likely circumstances—and his attempt is invariably crowned with success. Perhaps it is good that the prisoner's condition, the condition of non-liberty, is felt to be something improper, abnormal, like an illness that has to be cured by escape or rebellion.

UNFORTUNATELY, this picture resembles very little the truth about the concentration camps. Only a few hundred prisoners tried to escape, for example, from Auschwitz; of those, perhaps a few score succeeded. Escape was difficult and extremely dangerous. The prisoners were debilitated, besides being demoralized, by hunger and ill-treatment. Their heads were shaved, their striped clothing was immediately recognizable, and their wooden clogs made silent and rapid walking impossible. They had no money, and in general they did not speak Polish, the local language; nor did they have contacts in the area, which was unfamiliar to them. On top of all that, fierce reprisals were employed to discourage escape attempts. Anyone caught trying to escape was publicly hanged (often after cruel torture) in the square where the roll calls took place. When an escape was discovered, friends of the fugitive were considered accomplices and starved to death; all the other prisoners were forced to stand for 24 hours; sometimes the parents of the "guilty" were arrested and deported to camps.

The SS guards who killed a prisoner in the course of an escape attempt were granted special leaves. As a result, it often happened that an SS guard fired at a prisoner who had no intention of escaping, solely to qualify for leave. This fact artificially swelled the official number of escape attempts recorded in the statistics. As I have said, the actual number was very small, made up almost exclusively of a small number of "Aryan" (that is, non-Jewish) Polish prisoners who lived not far from the camp and consequently had a clear goal and the assurance that they would be protected by the population. In the other camps things took place in a similar way.

As for the lack of rebellion, the story is somewhat different. First of all, it is necessary to remember that uprisings have been definitively verified in certain camps: Treblinka, Sobibor, even Birkenau, which was one of the Auschwitz dependencies. They did not have much numerical weight. Like the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, they represented, rather, examples of extraordinary moral force. In every instance they were planned and led by prisoners who were privileged in some way, and consequently in better physical and spiritual condition than the average camp prisoner. This is not all that surprising: only at first glance does it seem paradoxical that the people who rebelled were those who suffered the least. Even outside the camps, struggles are rarely waged by the oppressed. The people in rags do not revolt.

In the camps for political prisoners, or where political prisoners were in the majority, the conspiratorial experience was not uncommon, and often resulted in quite effective defense activities, rather than in open revolt. Depending upon the camps and the times, prisoners succeeded, for example, in blackmailing or corrupting the SS, thus curbing their indiscriminate power; in sabotaging the work of the German war industries; in organizing escapes; in communicating via the radio with the Allies and furnishing them with accounts of the horrendous conditions in the camps; in improving the treatment of the sick, substituting prisoner doctors for the SS ones; in "guiding" the selections, sending to death spies and traitors and saving prisoners whose survival had some special importance; in preparing, even in military ways, to resist in case the Nazis decided, with the Front coming closer, to liquidate the camps (as in fact they did decide).

In camps with a majority of Jews, like Auschwitz, an active or passive defense was particularly difficult. The prisoners were, for the most part, devoid of any kind of organizational or military experience. They came from every country in Europe, and spoke different lan-

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guages. They had suffered greater starvation, and were weaker and more exhausted than the rest; they often had behind them a long history of hunger, persecution, and humiliation in the ghettos. The length of their stays in the camps was tragically brief. They were, in short, a fluctuating population, continually decimated by death, and renewed by the endless arrival of new convoys.

You may wonder why the prisoners who had just gotten off the trains did not revolt, waiting as they did for hours (sometimes for days!) to enter the gas chambers. I must add that the Germans had perfected a diabolically clever and versatile system of collective death. In most cases the new arrivals did not know what awaited them. They were received with cold efficiency but without brutality, invited to undress for "the shower." Sometimes they were handed soap and towels, and were promised hot coffee after their showers. The gas chambers were camouflaged as shower rooms, with pipes, faucets, dressing rooms, clothes hooks, benches, and so forth. If prisoners showed the smallest sign of knowing or suspecting their imminent fate, the SS and their collaborators used surprise tactics—intervening with extreme brutality, with shouts, threats, kicks, shots; loosing their dogs, which were trained to tear people to pieces, against people who were confused, desperate, weakened by five or ten days of traveling in sealed railroad cars.

Thus the statement that has sometimes been made—that cowardice kept the Jews from revolting—is absurd and insulting. Let it suffice to remember that the gas chambers at Auschwitz were tested on a group of 300 Russian prisoners of war—young, army-trained, politically indoctrinated, and not hampered by the presence of women and children—and even they did not revolt.

I would like to add one final thought. The deeply rooted consciousness that you must not consent to oppression, but instead must resist it, was not widespread in fascist Europe, and it was particularly weak in Italy. It was the patrimony of a restricted circle of politically active people. But fascism and Nazism had isolated, expelled, terrorized, or destroyed these people outright. You must not forget that the first victims of the German camps, in the hundreds of thousands, were the cadres of the anti-Nazi political parties. Lacking their contribution, the popular will to resist sprang up again only much later.

Did you return to Auschwitz after the liberation?

I returned to Auschwitz twice in 1965, and in 1982. I didn't feel anything much when I visited the central camp of the Auschwitz complex, which consisted of some 40 camps. The Polish government has transformed it into a kind of national monument. The huts have been cleaned and painted, trees have been planted and flower beds laid out. There is a museum in which pitiful relics are displayed—tons of human hair, hundreds of thousands of eyeglasses, combs, shaving brushes, dolls, baby shoes—but it still remains, eternally, a museum, something static, rearranged, contrived. To me, the entire camp seemed like a museum. As for my camp, called Monowitz, about seven kilometers to the east of Auschwitz, it no longer exists. The rubber factory to which it was annexed, now in Polish hands, has so grown that it occupies the whole area.

I did, instead, experience a feeling of violent anguish when I entered the Birkenau camp, which I had never seen as a prisoner. Here nothing has changed. There was mud, and there still is mud, or suffocating summer dust. The blocks of huts (those that weren't burned when the war reached and passed this area) have remained as they were—low, dirty, with drafty wooden sides and beaten earth floors. There are no bunks but bare planks, all the way to the ceiling. Here nothing has been prettied up. With me was a friend of mine, Giuliana Tedeschi, a survivor of Birkenau. She pointed out to me that on every plank, 1.8 by two meters, up to nine women slept. She showed me that from the tiny window you could see the ruins of the cremation furnace. In her day, you saw the flames issuing from the chimney. She asked the older women: "What is that fire?" and they had replied: "It is we who are burning."

Face-to-face with the sad evocative power of those places, each of us survivors behaves in a different manner, but it is possible to describe two typical categories. Those who refuse to go back, or even to discuss the matter, belong to the first category, as do those who would like to forget but do not succeed in doing so, and are tormented by nightmares, and those who have instead forgotten, dismissed everything, and begun again to live, starting from zero. I have noticed that in general all of these are individuals who ended up in the camps through bad luck, that is, without a precise political or moral commitment. For them the suffering was a traumatic experience but devoid of meaning, like a misfortune or an illness. The memory is for them a kind of extraneous thing, a painful mass that intruded into their lives, which they have sought (or still seek) to eliminate.

The second category is composed of ex-political prisoners, or those who possessed at least a measure of political preparation, or religious conviction, or a strong moral consciousness. For these survivors, remembering is a duty. They do not want to forget, and even more they do not want the world to forget, because they have understood that their experience was not meaningless, that the camps were not an accident, an unforeseen historical happening.

Why do you speak only about German camps and not the Russian ones as well?

I can bear witness to the things that I endured and saw. My books are not storybooks. In writing them I limited myself strictly to reporting facts of which I had direct experience, excluding those I learned later from books or newspapers. For this reason I do not generally speak about the Russian camps. Fortunately I was never in them; and so I can only repeat the things I have read, which is to say the same things known to everyone interested in the subject.

Still, I do not want to, nor can I, evade the duty, which every man has, of making a judgment and formulating an opinion. Aside from the obvious similarities between the German camps and the Russian camps, I think I can observe substantial differences. The principal difference lies in the finality.

The German camps constitute something unique in the history of humanity, bloody as it is. To the ancient aim of eliminating or terrifying political adversaries, they set a modern and monstrous goal, that of erasing entire peoples and cultures from the world. Starting roughly in 1941, they became gigantic death machines. Gas chambers and crematories were deliberately planned to destroy lives and human

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bodies on a scale of millions. The appalling record belongs to Auschwitz, with 24,000 dead in a single day, in August 1944.

The Soviet camps were not and are not, certainly, pleasant places, but in them the death of the prisoners was not—even in the darkest years of Stalinism—expressly sought. It was a very frequent occurrence, and it was tolerated with brutal indifference, but basically it was not expressly intended. It was a by-product, rather, of hunger, cold, infections, hard labor.

In this lugubrious comparison between two models of hell, I must also add the fact that one entered the German camps, in general, never to emerge. No outcome but death was foreseen. In the Soviet camps, a possible limit to incarceration always existed. In Stalin's day many of the "guilty" were given terribly long sentences (as much as 15 or 20 years), but hope of freedom, however faint, remained.

From this fundamental difference, others issue. The relationships between guards and prisoners were less inhuman in the Soviet Union. They all belonged to the same nation and spoke the same language, they were not graded "Supermen" and "Non-men" as they were under Nazism. The sick were treated, though inadequately. Confronted with overly hard work, an individual or collective protest was not unthinkable. Corporal punishment was rare, and not too cruel. It was possible to receive letters and packages with foodstuffs. Human personality, in short, was not denied, and was not totally lost. As a general consequence the mortality figures were very different under the two systems. In the Soviet Union in the harshest periods, around 30 percent of those who entered died. This is an intolerably high figure. But in the German camps, mortality amounted to between 90 and 98 percent.

It is possible, finally, to picture a socialism without prison camps; in many parts of the world it has been realized. A nazism without camps, however, is unimaginable.

How can the Nazi's fanatical hatred of the Jews be explained?

It can be said that anti-Semitism is one particular case of intolerance; that for centuries it had a prevailingly religious character; that in the Third Reich it was exacerbated by the nationalistic and military predisposition of the German people and by the "differentness" of the Jewish people; that it was easily disseminated in all of Germany—and in a good part of Europe—thanks to the efficiency of the fascist and Nazi propaganda, which needed a scapegoat on which to load all guilts and resentments; that the phenomenon was heightened to paroxysm by Hitler, a maniacal dictator.

But these commonly accepted explanations do not satisfy me. They are reductive—not commensurate with, nor proportionate to, the facts that need explaining. In rereading the chronicles of Nazism, from its murky beginnings to its convulsed end, I cannot avoid the impression of a general atmosphere of uncontrolled madness. Thus I prefer the humility with which some of the most serious historians confess to not understanding the furious anti-Semitism of Hitler and of Germany back of him.

Perhaps one cannot—what is more, one must not—understand what happened, because to understand is almost to justify. Let me explain. Understanding a proposal or a form of human behavior means containing it, containing its author, putting oneself in his place, identifying with him. No normal human being will ever be able to identify with Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Eichmann, and the endless others. This dismays us, but at the same time it provides a sense of relief, because perhaps it is desirable that their words and their deeds cannot be comprehensible to us. They are nonhuman words and deeds, really counter-human, without historic precedents, difficult to compare even with the cruelest events of the biological struggle for existence.

The war can be explained, but Auschwitz has nothing to do with the war; it was not an episode in it, nor an extreme form of it. War is always a terrible fact, to be deprecated; but it is in us, it has its rationality, we "understand" it. There is no rationality in the Nazi hatred. It is a hate that is not in us; it is outside man, it is a poison fruit sprung from the deadly trunk of fascism, although outside and beyond fascism itself. If understanding is impossible, however, knowledge is imperative, because what happened could happen again. Conscience can be seduced and obscured again: even our consciences.

For this reason, it is the duty of everyone to meditate on what hap-

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pened. Everybody must know, or remember, that Hitler and Mussolini, when they spoke in public, were believed, applauded, admired, adored like gods. They were "charismatic leaders"; they possessed a secret power of seduction that did not proceed from the credibility or the soundness of the things they said, but from the suggestive way in which they said them. And we must remember that their faithful followers, among them the diligent executors of inhuman orders, were not born torturers, were not (with a few exceptions) monsters: they were ordinary men. Monsters exist, but they are too few in number to be truly dangerous; more dangerous are the common men, the functionaries ready to believe and to act without asking questions.

Since it is difficult to distinguish true prophets from false, it is well to regard all prophets with suspicion. Yet it is clear that this formula is too simple to suffice in every case. A new fascism, with its trail of intolerance, abuse, and servitude, can be born outside our country and imported into it, walking on tiptoe and calling itself by other names; or it can loose itself from within with such violence that it routs all defenses. At that point, wise counsel no longer serves, and one must find the strength to resist. But then, too, the memory of what happened in the heart of Europe, not very long ago, can serve as support and warning.

—Translated by Ruth Feldman.

THE RIGHT TO DEATH

Playing God in the Nursery
by Jeff Lyon

(W.W. Norton, 366 pp., $18.95)

Should the Baby Live?
by Helga Kuhse and Peter Singer

(Oxford University Press, 228 pp., $19.95)

These books start from the same point, the notorious Baby Doe case of 1982. Born in Bloomington, Indiana, "Baby Doe" was found at birth to have Down's syndrome, as well as a malformation of the esophagus, which made normal feeding by mouth impossible without immediate surgery. This surgery could not be carried out at the hospital where Baby Doe was born. The question was whether to transfer him to another hospital and operate, or leave him where he was, cared for but certain to die. There was disagreement among the pediatricians in the case; but when the baby's parents were consulted, they decided that they did not want the operation performed, and signed a statement to that effect.

The hospital administration, however, contacted the local county court. An immediate hearing was arranged. At this hearing the judge ruled that the parents had a right to choose between two medically recommended courses of action. Various attempts by the hospital and others to get this ruling set aside by a higher court failed. While the efforts were still being made, Baby Doe died. Public reaction was violent. The most remarkable outcome was a memorandum from President Reagan, ending with the words, "I support Federal laws prohibiting discrimination against the handicapped, and remain determined that such laws shall be rigorously enforced." As a result of this memorandum, posters were produced and placed in the intensive care units of all federally funded hospitals, announcing that funds would be withdrawn if handicapped babies were not given treatment to keep them alive.

Pediatricians now found themselves in obvious difficulty. The so-called "Baby Doe Guidelines" were not guidelines at all, but absolutely definite and universal instructions. But were they really meant to apply to *all* babies—even to babies born with only fragments of a brain, or with a cranial hemorrhage so severe as to make it impossible that the baby would ever achieve any cognitive abilities? Such babies could, by means of modern technology, certainly be kept alive, but almost every doctor would think it right to let them die. The principle incorporated in the "guidelines," and now about to be enforced by law, was the principle that all human life is of equal value. And so we come to the first of the many tangled moral questions raised by these two books.

Jeff Lyon is a highly professional and skilled journalist; Peter Singer is a philosopher. Lyon is a storyteller, and though acutely aware of the moral issues involved (at the last minute he reveals a personal and direct concern in them), he makes us think, as good journalists do, by presenting case histories into whose drama we enter, within which the issues are revealed. Singer and Helga Kuhse, on the other hand, select and analyze the issues one by one, and argue for solutions. But the questions raised by all are the same.

FIRST, are we really bound to hold that all human life is of equal value? And even if we ought to think so, do we actually think so? If we did value all human life equally, then it would be as important to preserve the life of a two-cell pre-embryo as it would that of a full-grown adult; it would be as important to continue the life of a terminally ill, unconscious man of 80 as it would that of a young, healthy child who needed surgery after an accident. In such cases we take into account, in practice, the *quality* of the life involved. Thus in fact we do not value all lives as equal, regardless of the form they take.

Faced with this kind of choice, some people wish to draw a distinction between causing a death (or killing) and allowing to die. Singer and Kuhse rightly spend some time examining and dismissing this distinction. To maintain it is to subscribe to a limited and unrealistic notion of causation, according to which a cause has to be an "active agent." But if I were a surgeon who for some reason refused to operate on an otherwise healthy person who had acute appendicitis, and the person died, I would have caused his death through doing nothing just as certainly as if I had stabbed him. We are perfectly accustomed in every aspect of life to thinking of failures to act as causes. To

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decide not to operate on Baby Doe was to cause his death. Still, because of the prevailing view that there is a difference between withholding treatment and giving a lethal injection—between allowing to die, that is, and killing—Baby Doe, though condemned to die, had to die by long drawn-out stages of starvation and dehydration. It would have been more merciful to kill him outright, once the decision was made.

AND so the next question is whether such killing might be justified. The most familiar argument against allowing killing to be justified in some cases is the notorious "slippery slope" argument. It has an amazing power over the public imagination. If the killing of babies like Baby Doe were permitted, the argument runs, then anything would be permissible. Next parents could ask for the destruction of any baby—if, say, they didn't like the look of him, or if they had decided that after all they'd rather not have a baby. And from babies we could move on to other children and grown-ups. We could kill them if they were handicapped, and then, further down the slope, we could kill them if they were Jews. The only way to avoid hurtling down this morally disastrous course, it is argued, is never to get on it in the first place. No killing should be legitimized.

The only way to counter such an argument, as Singer and Kuhse point out, is to insist on the specificity of the permitted killing. Baby Doe was a handicapped infant. If he had been a handicapped child, or an adult, the question would not have arisen. There is a total lack of analogy, moreover, between the motivation and intentions of those who wish to eliminate whole classes of persons (all Jews) and those who make a difficult and painful decision about whether to preserve the life, by heroic measures, of one baby. There is no reason, then, why the descent down the slope should begin, provided we bear firmly in mind the difference between the killings involved.

Both Lyon and Singer are insistent that the choice to end an infant's life must lie with the parents, in consultation with the doctor. The choice before them is more real and more stark than it used to be, because technology has made it possible to save the lives of babies born increasingly prematurely, weighing ever less, and to save them if they are suffering from malfunctions that would once have ensured their death within a few hours or days. Jeff Lyon is concerned to show that most parents who make the choice to kill do so from a genuine concern for the child, thinking of the quality of life that he can expect, and aiming to save him from future misery. He is defensive on behalf of parents who are accused of selfishness in making such a choice. Singer and Kuhse are even more aggressive on behalf of the parents, and of their right to choose in the light of their own circumstances as well as those of the child.

IT IS peculiarly hard to assess the quality of life on someone else's behalf, especially when that person may never reach a stage of self-awareness, or awareness of other people, that would allow him to compare his life with that of his peers. There is no doubt that a severely mentally retarded person, unable ever to sit up, or feed himself, or make any discriminations in his surroundings, has a life incredibly poor compared with the rest of us. But does he suffer? Presumably not, if he is not actually cold or hungry. We would not like his life, any more than we would like the life of a mouse or a horse, but to say that is to suppose that, while living his life (or the life of the mouse), we would retain our own sensibilities. If we had mouse-sensibilities, we'd be all right as mice. The kind of handicap we *can* judge, with respect to the quality of life it allows, is the kind that involves gradual degeneration, and perhaps increasingly long and painful sessions of hospitalization, where the child not only suffers pain and sickness but can see himself gradually changing, drawing away from his peers and facing death. This is the suffering that must be real and terrible for the child himself. Foreseeing this, parents may well be right to choose that the infant should die while still an infant, knowing nothing.

But what of those who are severely impaired mentally? Are parents to be blamed for selfishness if they choose that an infant who will become this kind of child should die? Singer and Kuhse are convinced that such a choice may be justified. No parents, they argue, should be forced into the position of having to care for a child they had conceived in the hope that the child would become part of their normal family, if they now find that their whole life would be disrupted, indeed ruined, by that care. It is wrong that decisions should be made by those who will not have the responsibility of living with the consequences. Parents are, after all, legally permitted the choice of abortion if the fetus is shown to be severely malformed (with spina bifida, for example). It is paradoxical that this same choice should be denied them in the case of a premature baby with similar or worse handicaps. The fetus legally aborted may even be older, dating from conception rather than birth, than the neonate born prematurely and bound to be kept alive.

"We believe," Singer and Kuhse write,

> that the State is justified in intervening when parents decide for the death of their child only if two conditions are fulfilled. The first is that the child has the prospect of a worthwhile life, that is, a life sufficiently free from physical pain and psychological misery to be satisfying for the child. The second condition is that the State must be prepared to accept the responsibility of finding the child a home in which it can enjoy its life to the best of its capabilities.

It is because the second condition is so unlikely to be satisfied that there should

"A MAN entering a Senate office building was arrested for carrying two submachine guns, a pistol, and 146 rounds of ammunition. He explained that he was acting as a bodyguard for Mr. Gun Control himself, Senator Edward Kennedy. He was released when Kennedy confirmed his story. In a public statement, Kennedy added that he is still personally opposed to guns."

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be caution, I believe, about legislating that an infant who can be preserved must be preserved. Lyon, too, notices the paradox that, just at the moment when President Reagan was causing the Baby Doe guidelines to be published, he was also seeing through a major cutback in federal funding for the care of the handicapped. It is an easy way for politicians to appear to be morally righteous, to demand that all life be held equally sacred, and then to refuse to provide for the consequences. The myth of the loving family, or the caring community, is often cruel, and an easy way out.

The old-fashioned solution to the problem of defective or deformed infants was, in my view, the best. As few as 30 years ago, in extreme cases, the doctor and the midwife together, often without needing to exchange a word, simply saw to it that the baby did not survive, and told the parents that it was stillborn. The parents, of course, grieved. But they did not have to fear a criminal charge in the midst of their grief. Of course we cannot go back to those days. It is not only the advance in technology and the new means of keeping infants alive that have changed things, but the rise of pro-life groups determined to spy out all cases of doctors or midwives who allow a baby to die. And, since we cannot go back, we must think carefully and clearly about what our moral beliefs really are concerning these sad and half-formed lives.

We cannot do better than to take as our guide, non-fanatically, the final words of Jeff Lyon's book:

> The sanctity-of-life principle derives from the same moral tradition as our concept of mercy. Is it not in the best spirit of that tradition that we temper the one with the other? We can embody these ideals best by not insisting that physicians invariably perpetuate lives that are painful and dolorous, and by allowing parents the freedom to decide what is, and is not, an acceptable life for their child, using the human heart as their guide.

That such decisions will be agonizing, and may sometimes be regretted, is no reason for not allowing them to be made. In these cases it is futile to look for the simplicity of an absolute or completely universal rule. We must instead take responsibility for a way forward that is as complicated and often difficult as life itself.

MARY WARNOCK

Mary Warnock is the mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, and the author most recently of *A Question of Life: The Warnock Report on Human Fertilisation and Embryology* (Basil Blackwell).

DEAR GENIUS

Flaubert and Turgenev: A Friendship in Letters
edited by Barbara Beaumont

(W.W. Norton, 197 pp., $19.95)

In a letter written to Madame Roger des Genettes the year after his mother died, Flaubert delivered himself of several lines that could serve as an epigraph to his close friendship with Ivan Turgenev. "If we were to hunt about a bit, couldn't we perhaps put together a little group of émigrés, which would be pleasant? For we are all of us émigrés, left over from another age." The sense of being nowhere, of drifting anachronistically among "bourgeois," unmarriageable women, and confreres who had found refuge in aesthetic programs or political ideologies that struck them both as simpleminded, if not worse, is what they recognized to be their common predicament. They also recognized that fame had not cured them of childhood. By 1868, when they became intimate, it was no longer a question of young men imagining themselves shaping the future, but of two saddened giants leaning on each other as they entered their 50s with the conviction that they had no posterity—that they had, in fact, washed up on a barren island.

Their extant correspondence bears this out. Ably translated and annotated by Barbara Beaumont, it is important as much for what it reveals about two major novelists who genuinely loved each other as for its evocation of the milieus they inhabited. Flaubert's letters have become famous. Turgenev, though he was Flaubert's equal in epistolary flair, is less familiar to us, and from this conversation running over 17 years, an immense personality emerges.

FOR TURGENEV, life began on an island of sorts, in 1818. The family estate, which he later called "my Patmos," encompassed 20 villages spread over more than 30,000 acres in Orel province, and the manor, Spasskoye, was itself a numerous community equipped with barns, mills, stables, ateliers, an infirmary, and even a theater where serfs trained in music and dance gave performances whenever bidden to do so by Turgenev's mother, Varvara Petrovna. Until he entered Moscow University, Ivan had virtually never known schoolmates other than his brother, Nikolai. Like young princes, they received instruction from private tutors, who organized a curriculum that bespoke their parents' ambition to raise them as European gentlemen. Though hermetically Russian in other respects, Sergei and Varvara Turgenev spurned Slavophile doctrine. At age four, Ivan was taken abroad on a grand tour through Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and France, which ended with the family spending six months in Paris. Sergei, who had won citations for bravery during the war against Napoleon, hewed to aristocratic tradition in speaking French at home, and Varvara, the rich commoner he married for her 5,000 serfs, imitated him. It was her habit to call Ivan, her favorite son, "Jean."

Being Varvara Petrovna's favorite son entitled him to bear responsibility for the pain that unfaithful men, including her husband (who died young), had inflicted on her, and everything we know suggests that in the matter of sadistic strategies her imagination was as prompt as her will. "She herself, in inventiveness and in far-sighted and calculated malevolence, was far more dangerous than her hated favorites who carried out her commands," wrote Turgenev's friend Annonkov. "No one could equal her in the art of insulting, of humiliating, or of causing unhappiness, while at the same time preserving decency, calm, and her own dignity." At Spasskoye, where no civil or religious authority dared to overrule her, she in-

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vented a despotic queendom, giving her domestic staff not only ministerial titles but foreign patronymics. Her whim was law, law was enforced by her private constabulary, and for any number of arcane transgressions a serf would be flogged or find himself exiled overnight to some village far from his kinfolk. Addressing her without having been granted that privilege constituted one such offense. But most peasants never saw their owner, except during her summer inspection tour, when, like *la maison du roi*, Spasskoye became a caravan progressing in state through one terror-stricken hamlet after another. Usually she governed from an office, which the few who could enter were invited to regard as her throne room. It contained a dais, and behind the dais hung a portrait of Varvara Petrovna herself.

This image may have been what Turgenev envisioned years later, before leaving France on a homeward journey, the prospect of which filled him with dread. "Russia can wait—that immense and sombre figure motionless and masked like the Sphinx of Oedipus," he told a friend. "Set your mind at ease, Sphinx. I shall return to you and you can devour me at your leisure, if I do not solve your problem for yet a little while." Despite herself, Varvara had nurtured in him a hatred of violence (which did not preclude fascination), a strong tendency to identify with victims of it, and a belief that succumbing to passion must inevitably prove fatal. What made him the bachelor who engaged throughout his life in moot romances and the supreme ironist who mocked even things that commanded his deepest sympathy also made him the expatriate who preferred to contemplate his beloved country from afar.

IN ANY EVENT, to write or talk honestly about Russia involved great risk under a regime that stifled all discussion after the Decembrist plot of 1825. Turgenev's critical intelligence did not awaken until the years 1839-41, which he spent as a student in Berlin reading Hegel with Karl Werder, rooming with Michael Bakunin, and staying up late with other members of the Russian intelligentsia whose passports had not yet been confiscated by Czar Nicholas's secret police. Even more crucial for his development, perhaps, was a trip he took through Italy, where art offered him relief from these politico-philosophical systems furiously colliding to no effect in boarding houses up north.

Already the marvelous raconteur whose anecdotes would enliven drawing rooms all over Europe, Turgenev did not seem cut out for solitary labor. Brilliant but weak-willed, he impressed the historian T. N. Granovsky as hopelessly dilettantish, and Turgenev, who had a high-pitched voice oddly unbefitting his majestic frame, concurred in that opinion. Without financial hardship to spur him on, he no sooner set himself goals than he lost sight of them and drifted off course. An academic career evaporated when, after passing the examination for a professorship in philosophy, he chose not to write his thesis. Then, on the strength of a paper titled "Some Remarks on the Russian Economy and the Russian Peasant," he was appointed to a post at the Interior Ministry. Before long, government service bored him, and a leave of absence for medical reasons turned out to be a final farewell.

THAT this waffling signaled not infirmity of purpose but a growing sense of his literary vocation became apparent the closer he drew to men connected with the review Pushkin had founded several years earlier. Turgenev wrote verse before he attempted fiction, and *Parasha*, a long narrative poem styled after *Eugene Onegin*, made St. Petersburg sit up and take notice. Lauded by Belinsky—the critic who stood foremost in defending Pushkin, Lermontov, and Gogol against Russia's establishment—*Parasha* won Turgenev support even in Spasskoye as Varvara Petrovna was pleased to learn that writing poetry, which she deemed unworthy of gentlemen, had not been an altogether inconsequential exercise.

Varvara Petrovna could forgive him literature. Far more vexatious was a passion strong enough to pry him loose from her, which declared itself in 1843 when Turgenev met the renowned soprano Pauline Garcia Viardot, who had come to sing Rossini at the Imperial Opera. Twenty-one years old, or half the age of her husband and impresario, Louis Viardot, this extraordinary woman cast spells on men with a narcissistic allure that more than compensated for her ugliness. "She is ugly but with a kind of ugliness which is noble, I should almost like to say beautiful," exclaimed Heine. "Indeed, the Garcia recalls less the civilized beauty and tame gracefulness of our European homelands than she does the terrifying magnificence of some exotic and wild country. . . ." Maternal but wrapped up in her career, sensual and yet aloof, Pauline Viardot intimated pleasures quite irresistible to a man like Turgenev, whom one friend quoted as saying that the physical side of relationships with women had always mattered less to him than the spiritual side, that consummation was always less important to him than the emotions that preceded it.

FOR THE REST of his life, Turgenev's movements were dictated as often by the desire to be near her as by the need to wander alone, by ambivalent feelings about his motherland, or by force of circumstance. Perching "on the edge of another man's nest" sometimes induced vertigo, but it suited him better than having no nest at all. Ultimately the awkward ménage à trois he made with Pauline and Louis Viardot became a stable family in which he found contentment playing almost every part except that of lover.

In 1845 he visited the Viardots at Courtavenel, their country estate outside Paris. After several months of exploring France he reluctantly went home. His next visit occurred in 1847 and lasted three years, or time enough to let him grow thoroughly familiar with the cultural habitat that had nurtured his inamorata. Courtavenel, where Turgenev resided when not at the Viardots' town house on rue de Douai, was a gathering place for such luminaries as George Sand, Ary Scheffer, and Giacomo Meyerbeer. He found himself taken up by *Tout Paris*, which meant that invitations abounded, and the letters he sent Pauline during her extensive concert tours provide a chronicle of events in music, theater, and society. But her tours also afforded him the opportunity to withdraw from the world. Courtavenel, which he called "the cradle of my fame" (as if Pauline had been his Muse or artistic parent), was where he wrote, among much else, the stories brought together under the title *Sketches from a Sportsman's Notebooks*.

Why Turgenev left France in 1850, when fear of being infected by the revolutionary epidemic that had swept through Europe made Russia less hospitable than ever to the liberal mind, is a question he himself couldn't answer simply. No doubt reasons of the heart tugged both ways. Although he blessed

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Pauline Viardot for the amorous tyranny she exercised over him ("I belong body and soul to my dear queen: God bless you a thousand times"), another, quite different view of love emerges from his play *A Day in the Country*, which he wrote at Courtavenel. "Love, whether happy or unhappy, is a real calamity if you give yourself up wholly to it," proclaims Turgenev's spokesman. "You will find out what it means to belong to a petticoat, what it means to be enslaved, to be infected and how shameful and wearisome such slavery is." Love being a despotic state, it hardly mattered that France had recently become a republic.

Furthermore, to linger abroad and befriend political exiles such as Alexander Herzen, over whom Czar Nicholas's "Third Division" kept close watch, was to run the risk of suffering their fate. Bigamous in his loyalties, Turgenev could not see himself in Russia without an escape route westward, or in Europe permanently cut off from the language in which he dreamed, from the land that peopled his imagination and afforded him his leisure, from the literati who knew how well he wrote, from the government that took his words seriously enough to consider him dangerous.

A grim fascination with danger would reveal itself years later in his remarkable essay about the execution at Roquette prison of the mass murderer Tropmann. This drama involving a doomed man maneuvered through ritualistic ceremonies by seasoned hands must have evoked for Turgenev the punishment dealt him soon after his return to St. Petersburg. In 1852 Nikolai Gogol died. Russian officialdom, which viewed Gogol as a mortal enemy for having satirized the regime, forbade public notice to be taken of his death, but Turgenev managed to elude censorship and published a eulogistic obituary. He was arrested, jailed, and exiled to Spasskoye, where he languished for 18 months. Not until the Crimean War ended did authorities grant him permission to travel outside Russia. By then, 1856, he had written *Rudin*, which shows the novelist fully in possession of his style and his themes.

When Turgenev visited Courtavenel again, it became abundantly clear that he could not take up where he had left off six years earlier with Pauline, who had meanwhile borne Louis Viardot several more children. "My health is good, but my spirit is sad. Around me there is regular family life. . . . What am I here for, and why . . . should I be turning my gaze backwards?" More submissive than ever, he told his friend Nekrasov that he would "dance on the roof, stark naked and painted yellow all over" if asked to do so by Pauline Viardot. Even the jester's role was refused him, however, and for some years Turgenev led an extraordinarily restless existence, alighting at Courtavenel during migrations to London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Spasskoye. In Russia, snubs from belligerent young radicals like Dobroliubov, who had no use for Turgenev's gradualist view of social change, aggravated his sense of being a peripheral figure. And yet the periphery was the environment that suited him best in other respects. Between 1859 and 1863, he brought out three major novels, including *Fathers and Sons*.

HEEDING signs of wear in her voice, Pauline Viardot retired from the operatic stage to establish a school at Baden-Baden, and Turgenev, who finally had his devotion rewarded with the platonic intimacy for which he yearned, lost no time joining her there. Her retirement marked the end of his incessant wandering. Baden would be his home from 1863 until war broke out between France and Prussia. During those seven years life revolved around the Viardots' villa, where musical soirees brought together artists, statesmen, and a Gotha Almanach of aristocrats who regularly gathered at the fashionable spa. On one occasion or another, Turgenev met the king and queen of Prussia, Bismarck, the Empress Eugénie, Wagner, Brahms, and Clara Schumann. "There is no necessity for a writer to live in his own country. . . , at least there is no need to do this continually," he argued in a letter to his Russian confidante, the Countess Lambert. "I see no reason why I should not settle in Baden. I do this not out of any desire for material delights . . . but simply so as to weave a little nest for myself in which to await the onslaught of the inevitable end." At first his "nest" was a rented flat, but in due course he built a grand villa complete with a theater in which Pauline's school performed little operas dreamed up by Turgenev himself. The writer did not consider it beneath him to appear onstage as a comic

An Entry In Mary's Diary

It isn't a hunger for the truth
That makes him ride the bus three hours on Sunday
To my sleepy city, bringing me books and chocolates.
It's his need for a life-affirming error,
The need to believe he'll complete his life in joy
Once he secures me, brushing away my unencouraging words,
The morning mist of indifferent looks

What good will his error do him in the long run
If for years it drags him from his house and friends
To a long ride to refusal and a long ride back
Alone, dreaming of next week, counting
The telephone poles in their march to nowhere?

Three hours with women getting on at Warren,
Jamestown, Fredonia, who might be right for him,
All unnoticed by a man unwilling to admit
He's wasting the time he doesn't have, no longer young.

At least the errors I've chosen help me get on
In my vocation, the belief that the stories I'm writing
Will be true not only for me but for anyone,
True now and in coming times, that I chose my solitude
On my own, my reason luminous, my heart
As open to the moment as it ever could be.

Carl Dennis

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pasha or, when Pauline gave organ recitals, to work the air pump for her.

IT WAS unquestionably his own predicament he described in observing that the Don Quixotes of his age kept running after Dulcinea even though they knew her to be an ugly hag. The ambivalence of his relationships with women and of his feelings about nests extended to the realm of ideas where a deep-seated skepticism denied him the comfort that others found in crypto-religious systems and dogmas. "He who has faith has everything and can never suffer any loss, but he who doesn't have it has nothing, and I feel this all the more deeply since I belong to the company of those who have no faith," he wrote to the Countess Lambert. "Still, I do not lose hope." Always at odds with himself, he would have liked to make a Pascalian wager but instead wrote novels that expose the element of sham in fanatical credos. His urbane demeanor concealed anguish from which he could not escape by embracing some god, and this *dégagement* mystified extremists who, because they recognized no middle ground, invariably imputed to him sympathy for the enemy camp. How well psychological pithiness fared in Russia may be seen from the reception given *Fathers and Sons*. Turgenev found himself damned as loudly by the right as by the left for having created in Bazarov, its nihilist hero, a character who enhanced the prestige of revolution or furthered the cause of reaction.

Turgenev loathed Bazarov's philistinism, but the clinical distance from self for which his character strives was an ideal he endorsed to the extent of remaining awake during stomach surgery performed on him in 1883 and watching it progress much the way Bazarov observes himself die. "During the operation I was thinking about our dinners," he later told Edmond de Goncourt, "and I sought those words with which I could convey to you the exact impression of steel breaking my skin and entering my flesh . . . like a knife slicing a banana." Haunted by death from an early age, when thoughts of death quite possibly masked a fear of castration, he arranged to starve his sexual being, to regard his body as yet another provisional abode, and it is revealing that at 35 he already called himself an old man. This same strategy helped him create novels whose most obvious characteristic is their pervasive irony—irony that throws a kind of distant light on the muck and mire of human veins. His search for the mot juste while on an operating table with his guts laid open was what had made him the writer zealots couldn't tolerate. It exemplified his whole literary vocation.

And it promoted the spiritual kinship he felt with Gustave Flaubert, a doctor's son, to whom he wrote on one occasion: "Oh, we have hard times to live through, those of us who are *born spectators* [underlined by Turgenev]." For Flaubert as well, language served an ideal of impersonality. "The artist must be in his work the way God is in the creation, invisible and all-powerful," was how he formulated his enterprise on the threshold of a creative life that led him to desire the possibility of transcending human imbroglios altogether, of going beyond the novel and producing works entirely devoid of incident. "Art," Flaubert declared, "must rise above personal inclinations and nervous susceptibilities!"

ERUDITE, hypochondriacal, and equally sensitive to the clink of received opinion, the two men (who together weighed just under 500 pounds, as George Sand mischievously observed) first met in 1863. A spark having leapt between them, they exchanged several letters, but mutual admiration did not become friendship until 1868. "Since the first time I saw you . . . I have felt a great liking for you—there are few men, particularly French men, with whom I feel so relaxed and yet at the same time so stimulated," Turgenev wrote in May 1868 from Baden. "It seems to me that I could talk to you for weeks on end, but then we are a pair of moles burrowing away in the same direction." *L'Education Sentimentale* appeared one year later, and Flaubert's novel about a feckless character drifting through time in the manner of Turgenev's own "superfluous men" consecrated their affinity.

Events conspired to deny them the nourishment of each other's mind. As soon as war broke out, the Viardots sought refuge across the English Channel. Turgenev, who found Baden inane without Pauline, joined her in London where a knowledgeable public offered him hospitality. Even as Flaubert was vituperating against mankind, complaining that women robbed him of all his friends, and angrily drilling a regiment that never left Rouen, the gregarious Turgenev took advantage of circumstance to practice his English on Ford Madox Brown, Swinburne, Carlyle, George Henry Lewes, and George Eliot. Most of 1871 had gone before they met again.

PEACETIME saw Turgenev move into rooms on an upper floor of the Viardots' Paris town house, which stood quite near the pied-à-terre Flaubert occupied during his annual leave of absence from Croisset, his Norman hermitage, and every Sunday afternoon, when Flaubert "received," Turgenev would visit him for conversation with fellow writers. What grew out of this was a ritual of monthly dinners that brought together Flaubert, Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt, Turgenev himself, and Emile Zola. Diverse in temperament but alike in their contempt for pieties upheld by literary officialdom, they viewed themselves as a stigmatized mandarinate who, with nothing to hide among themselves, could safely vent their erotic fantasies, grievances, fears, hallucinations while feasting at the Café Riche or at some other gastronomic establishment. Goncourt named them "la Société des cinq."

Turgenev and Flaubert stood apart from the other three in their special closeness. By 1872 neither would see 50 again and as the decade wore on, leaving behind people whose existence they had held dear, they felt increasingly like beached whales. Turgenev was yet to write *Virgin Soil*, but more often than not words failed him. "It's not that life is more difficult—but it's becoming more and more difficult to *undertake* to do anything at all," he confessed in November 1871. Several months earlier, Flaubert had sent a similar distress signal:

> Who is there to talk to now? Who is there in our wretched country who still cares about literature? Perhaps one single man? Me! The wreckage of a lost world, an old fossil of romanticism! You will revive me, you'll do me good!

After *L'Education Sentimentale*, which earned neither money nor widespread acclaim, the savant in Flaubert gained the upper hand over the storyteller and, with compulsive rage, made his imaginative life serve his will to amass encyclopedic knowledge. Writing had always been hard labor for him. During the 1870s it became even more laborious as he walled himself up behind books and struggled first through *La Tentation*

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de Saint Antoine, then through the strange syllabi of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which he never finished.

FLAUBERT may have had some idea of teasing Turgenev out of his lethargy by nicknaming him *grande poire molle*—"big soft pear." And yet, from the moment they met, Turgenev found himself cast in the dominant role, with Flaubert relying on him as a child on a father or mother. It was for Flaubert to voice fears that he had lost his creative power or his mind, and for Turgenev to succor him, praise him, hurry him along. "Don't tarry too long over St. Anthony, that's my refrain," he advised in February 1870. "Don't forget that people judge you according to the standards you yourself have established, and you're bearing the weight of your past. . . ." He gave much the same advice in 1874, when Flaubert let him know his daunting plans for *Bouvard et Pécuchet*: "But the more I think about it, the more I see it as a subject to deal with *presto* in the manner of Swift or Voltaire. You know that has always been my opinion."

Turgenev seldom stayed at Croisset. Whether house-ridden with gout, detained abroad, or embroiled in family affairs, he always had a reason not to visit Flaubert, whose habit of reading his guests into submission tended to keep people away. The correspondence tells a story of broken appointments. But it also speaks of Turgenev's loyal effort to disseminate Flaubert's work in Germany and Russia, where the public for it proved as sparse as in France. No literary agent could have been so assiduous. He dunned magazine editors, arranged reviews by influential critics, found translators, and himself translated two stories from *Les Trois Contes*, taking such pains over them that Flaubert, desperately in need of money, learned what it felt like to prod Flaubert. Turgenev's credit with the gentleman who published a St. Petersburg journal called *The European Messenger* (*Vestnik Evropy*), which paid French contributors better fees than they earned at home, helped float the "society of five."

Less profitable were efforts Turgenev made to get Flaubert a sinecure at the Mazarine Library after Flaubert, in yet another suicidal move, brought financial ruin upon himself while vainly shoring up his bankrupt nephew, Ernest Commanville. Someone else was given the post and Flaubert, who had hesitated to let Turgenev wage a campaign that would embarrass him if it failed and winkle him out of Croisset if it met with success, felt relieved, despite his straitened circumstances. "*I mourn the loss* without much effort; and deep down (you'll recognize me there, you who are a psychologist) I'm *perhaps* not sorry," he admitted to Turgenev.

Turgenev would do him no more favors, other than to send along caviar, salmon, and *War and Peace* in place of himself. What Leonard Schapiro has described as "the unpunctuality of a Russian *grand seigneur*" cost him one last chance to make amends for broken appointments and walk arm in arm with his reclusive friend at Croisset. On May 8, 1880, Flaubert, whose health had been undermined by syphilis, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. The news caught up with Turgenev in Russia and left him grief-stricken.

Turgenev did not linger far behind. In late middle age he had become a venerable figure with laurel accumulating on his great, white mane. Oxford awarded him an honorary doctorate. And university students who paid him homage during his trips through Russia were so numerous that he felt disposed to characterize as aberrant or ultimately inconsequential the havoc being wrought by young terrorists. Such recognition buoyed him, but never for long, as a sense of general decrepitude plunged him into melancholia. "I am once again sitting at my desk," he noted in his diary in 1877. "Below my poor friend is singing something with her completely cracked voice. My spirit is darker than the dark of night. It is as if the grave were in a rush to swallow me up." Several years later the "society of five" would assemble around one empty place, and on September 3, 1883, they were reduced to three when Turgenev departed this world, leaving all his property to Pauline Viardot—"the queen of queens," as he called her on his deathbed. Hundreds mourned him at the Gare du Nord, where a chapel was improvised to accommodate his remains until authorization for the homeward voyage came from St. Petersburg. Hundreds more gathered at stations in Russia, awaiting the funeral train as it proceeded through an obstacle course created by the Imperial government, which feared that Turgenev would posthumously incite rebellion. Still the uneasy traveler, he was laid to rest in the Volkovo cemetery at St. Petersburg.

FREDERICK BROWN

Frederick Brown is the author of *Theater and Revolution* (Viking).

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ALBUM

The Fifties: Photographs of America

(Pantheon, 159 photographs, $25, $14.95 paper)

The Americans by Robert Frank

(Pantheon, 83 photographs, $35, $19.95 paper)

Images of decades are a funny thing; they clarify and they distort. In the mid-seventies there was widespread panic because the decade had not yet cohered—the nomination of George McGovern and even Watergate were obviously spillover sixties events. Now we know that it was the Decade of Neglect, and the eighties already have an image: triumphantly, combatively conservative and rich, with shadowings of nuclear danger. It certainly is hard to live in not easily categorizable times.

On the other hand, a decade's image can become so elaborately filigreed, so stylized, that all perceptions of it become part of a formal ritual. Typically this happens just before trusteeship of the decade passes from the nostalgists to the historians. The great example today is the fifties (although the sixties are getting there too). It has become very difficult for us to see past hula hoops and Joe McCarthy and Ike and Sputnik and Little Rock to what else was there, if there was anything.

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This collection of photographs is a case in point. They come from the files of Magnum, the great photo agency founded by, among others, Robert Capa and Henri Cartier-Bresson, which was then in its heyday, raising photojournalism (largely for the big picture magazines, then in *their* heyday) to the level of art. The photographers here are semi-big names today, and deservedly so. (For the record, here's the list: Eve Arnold, Cornell Capa, Bruce Davidson, Elliott Erwitt, Burt Glinn, Ernst Haas, Erich Hartman, Bob Henriques, Costa Manos, Wayne Miller, Inge Morath, and Dennis Stock.) Every photograph in the book is first-rate and a few are of burned-into-the-mind quality: Capa's picture of Nelson Rockefeller sitting at the head of a long table of sycophantic aides doing their best to imitate his uproarious laugh; Glinn's of two black students walking at recess in Little Rock, trailed by two dozen menacing whites. Among the photographers, the most pleasant surprises are Glinn, for his reportorial intelligence and zeal, and Miller, for the painterly grace of composition and shading in his pictures of everyday life.

But the subjects of the pictures—which must have been culled from a substantial archive—are all fifties clichés; they must have been clichés even in the fifties, or nobody would have thought to photograph them, and by now they're graven in stone. The cover shows feet clad in bobby socks and saddle shoes; inside the book, we go through booming babies, clean-cut college students, the segregated South, the Rosenbergs, pre-*Feminine Mystique* housewives, Eddie and Debbie and Liz, Beats, jazz, tail fins, Korea, the suburbs, juvenile delinquents, the Cold War. . . . Nothing is a surprise, no image fails to hit you over the head with the reason it was included. As sociology and history, the function of the book is not to make you think about the fifties, but to tell you it's O.K. not to think about them—everything you already think is right and there's nothing you've left out.

Still, it's fun. The editing and sequencing of the pictures are crisp and precise. Since we're dealing with stereotypes here, one doesn't feel guilty about lingering longest over the pictures of celebrities. Was Allen Ginsberg really that young? Was Roy Cohn? Was Jayne Mansfield really such a blimp? These impressions are reassuring because of the slightness of their element of surprise; we also learn that James Dean was alienated, John Wayne heroic, Marilyn Monroe beautiful, Edward R. Murrow wise, and Richard Nixon jowly. One of the annoying aspects of the book as a portrait of the fifties is its overwhelming sense of hindsight—it projects the sixties and seventies back onto the fifties. For a frisson, though, who can resist seeing John F. Kennedy (who appears here more than Adlai Stevenson) as a fresh-faced senator, or Henry Kissinger as a professor?

U.S. 90, EN ROUTE TO DEL RIO, TEXAS, FROM *THE AMERICANS* BY ROBERT FRANK

A photography book that aims to create a portrait of America in the fifties inevitably has to be compared to Robert Frank's masterpiece, *The Americans*, which has now been reissued by Pantheon, the publisher of *The Fifties*. A Swiss-born filmmaker who hung around with the Beats, Frank won a Guggenheim fellowship in 1955 and used the money to spend most of the next two years driving aimlessly around the country in a used car, taking pictures. He was at the other end of quality documentary photography from the Magnum photographers: he had no assignments, no deadlines, and no urge to record great events.

Over the years *The Americans* has become the archetypal cult classic. Few people have heard of it, but those who have are addicts. It has been subjected to the most abstruse and detailed analysis imaginable—searched for religious iconography, "quotations" from Walker Evans, Talmudic logic behind the seemingly random order of the pictures. But don't let that scare you away. Frank was working before the terrible idea that art-photography should be "nonrepresentational" had taken hold, so his book is completely accessible. "The humor, the sadness, the EVERYTHING-ness and Americanness of these pictures!" Jack Kerouac exclaimed in the introduction, with justice. They're vivid but offhanded. They show the edges of things—late nights,

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lonely diners, the back of the crowd, sidewise glances. While strongly empathetic and emotional, they also perfectly embody that underrated fifties quality, cool. They brush away the official version of reality effortlessly (it didn't take much effort then), without the huffing and puffing of an exposé.

Quite a few of the pictures in *The Americans* can be paired off with pictures in *The Fifties*, always to the advantage of *The Americans*. *The Fifties* shows a Brown graduation, all clean-cut camaraderie. *The Americans* shows a Yale graduation, with a weary, patrician alumnus, a member of a dying Eastern order, sitting on a bench as the lads in black robes file by. *The Fifties* evokes segregation by hitting you over the head with it: the picture is of a WHITE ONLY road sign in Georgia. Frank photographs a stoical black maid holding an unbearably privileged-looking white baby on a street in Charleston, and so, by conveying some of the daily reality of the system, makes it look even worse. Migrant labor in *The Fifties* is a disheveled but heroic neo-Joad family. In *The Americans* it's a woman slumped in a car near the Mexican border at dawn, with a frighteningly empty look in her eyes. At the 1956 Democratic convention in Chicago, one of his few public events, Frank shot deal-making delegates of a sort that doesn't exist anymore, gesticulating with elegant bluntness. Burt Glinn of Magnum shot Harry Truman at the podium, as he surely was assigned to do. *The Fifties* plays drive-ins for cuteness, with a drive-in church. Frank shows a huge lit-up movie screen against the open sky at a drive-in theater, and you know how wonderful it must have felt to be there. *The Fifties* evokes the image of the fifties. *The Americans* evokes the fifties.

The comparison may be unfair, but there's a lesson in it. We know that photography—and for that matter journalism, film, painting, fiction, and poetry—can be used to portray the ordinary life of the country in such a way that the portrait will last both as art and as social science. The material is there; the work of people like Robert Frank, Edward Hopper, Sherwood Anderson, and John Dos Passos proves it. That the failures far outnumber the successes shouldn't be completely discouraging, because so many of the failures that are done at a high level of skill could have worked if the photographers had avoided a simple error: they tried to work from the top down, to impose some far-away agenda (Henry Luce's, or a later time's) on the subject. They went "looking for America" with what they wanted to find already in mind. Obviously one can't undertake such a project stripped of all previous thoughts, but there's a difference between working forward through one's material from a frame of reference, and backward from a fixed set of convictions about what's out there. The results of a search to confirm preconceptions will always be lifeless and self-referential, revelatory only of the myths we've created about ourselves, and only unwittingly at that.

NICHOLAS LEMANN

Nicholas Lemann, a national correspondent for the *Atlantic*, is the author of *Out of the Forties*, to be published in paperback this fall by Simon and Schuster.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

The International Garage Sale by Stefan Kanfer

(W.W. Norton, 224 pp., $13.95)

Sophisticated and simple, humorous and sad, of our time but out of it: more contrasts, contradictions—or what seem to be contradictions—could be listed and still the range of Stefan Kanfer's *The International Garage Sale* would not be bridged. The book is very close to what Evelyn Waugh might have written were he living and observing, as Kanfer does, the United Nations, network television, and today's sexual, social, and family mores.

Gilbert Chesterton noted in one of his essays the differences between fairy tales and realistic fiction. In a fairy tale, he said, one finds real and sane people, especially children, in an unreal world. The realists, he said, have insane and unreal people in a real world. Chesterton's fairy tale description does not exactly fit here, for the story is basically about some real and sane people—particularly Alec Lessing and his daughter Azie, aged ten—in a world of strange but real institutions, persons, and events. But the lines between real and imaginary are often, in Kanfer's book, indistinct.

Lessing, a network television correspondent, has been called back from Europe and assigned to cover the World Body. Known as WEB, and akin to the United Nations, the World Body is housed in two buildings on Manhattan's East Side, an area identified in the novel as the remotest outpost of civilization. This characterization, to judge from the events and persons of the story, may give WEB more status and credit than it deserves. It might be better located and described as beyond the uttermost limits of civilization, operating on its own dynamic, by its own imperatives, without rules or precedent, outside, above or below, ahead or behind history.

The daily operations that Lessing is assigned to report on include assassinations, betrayals, blackmail, bribery, spying by almost every possible means, and illegal arms sales, all in the name of "peace seeking" and "peace keeping." History is rewritten by majority votes and language is changed at will. Lessing becomes the sane, principled character in a world lacking a common moral denominator.

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The imagined world that Kanfer presents differs from what we perceive as the real world of the United Nations and international relations, of television news, and of "interpersonal" relations, by only a modest turn of the wheel, the one notch that makes the difference. For instance, the most recent nominee for United States ambassador to the United Nations is in fact a former member of the CIA. The ambassador is a great mis-speaker and out-speaker, sounding at times like Alexander Haig, at times like Spiro Agnew, and at times like Ronald Reagan. He announces plans for invasions or incursions that have not actually been planned, later explaining that he had said "evasion," not "invasion." He suggests that Queen Elizabeth "step down," later amends that to "step aside," and finally goes on record encouraging her to "step in."

Among the players is "the Wizard," a run-of-the-mill magician/con man, and incidentally the father of correspondent Lessing. The Wizard falls just short of setting up a new country—one without land or people—and becoming accredited with voting rights in WEB. On the side, the Wizard coaches an Arab who aspires to be a stand-up comic like "Enny Youngman, Zhoie Bishoppe, Sheky Grin. All Zionists." He eventually succeeds with jokes such as, "Last week I told my mothair-een-law, 'My 'ouse is your 'ouse.' So she sold it." All of this interrupts but does not distract from the serious and underlying plotting of arms sales.

The news media, or the Networks, are just as we know them, only funnier. Retractions consume a great deal of airtime. Priorities are simply stated, as Lessing learns the hard way. "Lintheads are out of season," and the network chief wants only "Russia versus China, Africa versus Africa, or U.S. versus everybody. The rest goes down the toilet."

As we consider reality within the context of Kanfer's imagined, insane world, we begin to wonder about Chesterton's distinctions. Within the madness are moments of human warmth and genuine frailty. Interspersed throughout the story are quiet interludes of purity and reality in Lessing's meetings with his daughter, as he exercises his legal rights of visitation. He takes her to the zoo, to the movies, to the museum, and is intent on reassuring her, only to be reassured himself, a sweet and pure counterpoint.

I finished the book hoping that it might have gone on, or that at least the characters—the Wizard, Azie, the comic, and a half-dozen others—might come back in another book, and that somehow Stefan Kanfer might be liberated from *Time* magazine.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

Eugene J. McCarthy writes frequently for THE NEW REPUBLIC.

TRB, *from page 4*

The dissident movements in Central Europe constantly reiterate that these rights are the foundation of civil society. As Milan Kundera has warned, a nation robbed of them may simply vanish from the face of the earth.

The spirit of Michnik's letter suggests that Reagan's coolness to Tutu (and, say, warmth toward the Argentine generals) is abhorrent in part precisely because it tends to ratify the notion of "moral equivalence." Such actions suggest that the West, like the Soviet Union, favors—as a matter of policy—governments that define dissent as an offense against the state and that regard the rule of law as a barricade behind which enemies of the state hide. Whereas too many liberals and leftists, particularly in Europe, have accepted the "moral equivalence" argument (former German chancellor Willy Brandt comes to mind), the Reagan administration itself has contributed much to its plausibility.

Idealism is in our self-interest, Michnik reminds us. Discarding the "power of argument" against apartheid in favor of "arguments of power" is nothing more than a failure of democratic nerve. Confidently rejecting the idea of "moral equivalence" does not free us from democratic duty. Indeed, if we do not support the "fight against discrimination and violence" in South Africa and in Poland with vigor and hope, then we truly do risk becoming the moral equivalents of the dictatorships we condemn.

(The Michnik letter, incidentally, was published, along with a similar letter to Bishop Tutu from the leaders of the Charter 77, the Czechoslovakia human rights group, in a valuable publication called *The East European Reporter*, P.O. Box 222, London WC2H 9RP, England.)

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

The two cases cannot be distinguished on the basis of fidelity to original intent, expressed or implied, nor can a sensible distinction be made, as Mr. Taylor attempts to do, by saying that *Brown* "though overriding the democratic process . . . crystallized an emerging national consensus."

The uncomfortable reality is that once one departs from a strict "jurisprudence of original intent," as Mr. Taylor shows that all sides in the current debate have done, one is cast inevitably into subjectivity.

DAVID LAUTER
Washington, D.C.

WHAT HE DID FOR LOVE

To the editors:

It was not Edward VII, but Edward VIII, who "destroyed his brief reign by his stubborn fidelity to an American divorcée" ("Is There a Cure?" by John Lloyd, December 23). After 60 years as prince of Wales, and after tramping and philandering all over Europe, Edward VII acquired a vast amount of experience and worldly wisdom with many female friends and mistresses. He was not about to sacrifice the throne of the British Empire and all its power and glory by hooking up with a tramp.

Edward VIII, though, gave it all up for, as he said, "the woman I love." A very stupid man indeed.

CORDERO MIRANDA
El Paso, Texas

FLATTERY MATTERS

To the editors:

Regarding Kinsley's Law that insincere flattery is even more flattering than sincere flattery and its corollary that all flattery is flattering ("Washington Diarist: Little Note," January 20): Emerson said, "We love flattery even though we are not deceived by it because it shows we are of importance to be courted." However, Nietzsche said, "Undeserved or insincere flattery annoys because it exposes our power of judgment."

By the way, if it weren't for your trenchant analysis and always profound insight on "The McLaughlin Group," I wouldn't have any reason to watch.

The choice is yours.

GARY KLONER
St. Paul, Minnesota

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MANILA DIARIST

The Final Days

I WASN'T IN TEHRAN before the fall of the shah of Iran, and I didn't make it to Managua in the days before Somoza was ousted and the Sandinistas were installed in Nicaragua. Still, I've got to believe that Manila is not quite in the same category. It doesn't have the feel of a place that's about to disintegrate or turn sharply against the United States, regardless of whether President Ferdinand E. Marcos wins or loses his bid for reelection on February 7. Look at the way American officials here have been acting. They don't say so publicly, but they constitute a cheering section in the presidential election for Cory Aquino, Marcos's challenger. What's more, they are in close and presumably amicable contact with Aquino and her advisers. At the drop of a hat, Ambassador Stephen Bosworth can bring together a collection of leading Aquino supporters for a session at the embassy, located downtown on Manila Bay, or at his residence, which makes San Simeon seem modest. The night I went by the residence, three Marcos opponents were there for dinner (some Marcos allies were there too). As the election drew near, Bosworth was eager for Aquino to muffle her talk about settling scores, figuring that vows to put Marcos on trial only make him less likely to yield power. I don't know whether Bosworth expressed his concern directly to Aquino or word was passed through an intermediary, but she heard. And you know what? She toned down her calls for prosecuting Marcos. Imagine that: American officials who can influence the opposition. That wasn't true in Iran or Nicaragua. Another difference here is the absence of anti-Americanism. In the presidential campaign, the only criticism of the United States has come from Marcos flunkies. But it wasn't the real hate-America stuff. They were irritated because Bosworth had been so bold as to declare at a press conference that he favors an honest election with a "credible" result. Of course, I could be all wrong about Manila. The Communist insurgency by the New Peoples Army is growing, though its presence is still felt chiefly in the hinterlands. If it staged a major raid on, say, the U.S. Embassy or the Manila Hotel, where American reporters stay, that might give Manila a new image. Maybe like Saigon after Tet.

FOR YEARS, I've been arguing that the fairness and objectivity of the American press is a myth. Many of my colleagues don't agree, but I think the media is decidedly liberal. Anyway, my solution has been for newspapers, newsmagazines, and TV networks to take ideological sides openly. That way, we'd have a balanced press, some of it on the right, some the left, some in the middle. Well, after a heavy dose of the Filipino press, I'm reassessing. Newspapers in the Philippines come in two varieties: pro-Marcos and pro-opposition. There's nothing wrong with that, except that everything, including facts and truth, takes a backseat to pushing the party line shamelessly. Neither side gives away anything. Take the issue of Marcos's health: in the papers that favor him, he's fit as a fiddle; in the opposition papers, he's at death's door. Or the question of the popular standing of the two presidential contenders among the one million Filipinos in the United States. On January 16 the pro-Marcos *Manila Times* (slogan: "the printed word is alive") said that Marcos has the edge; the opposition paper *Malaya* said Aquino was far ahead. My favorite story appeared January 17 in the *Times Journal*, another paper that favors Marcos. Its story on Aquino's activities the day before featured lengthy quotes from her at Mati and at a noontime rally in Tagum. She never appeared in Mati, and when she spoke at Tagum at 6 p.m. she said none of the things quoted in the *Times Journal*. My conclusion from all this is that hypocrisy about media objectivity may be annoying, but at least it's nice to have truth held up as a standard.

BEFORE THE AMERICAN PRESS indulges in an orgy of self-congratulation, let me cite something that it is guilty of in the Philippines—namely, neocolonialism. Wherever a pro-West country is in trouble, reporters from the U.S. and Europe rush off to offer criticism and advice. The press buzzards have long since arrived here. They've filled the Manila Hotel, where General MacArthur lived (on the fifth floor), and where bellhops now frisk you at the door. Many reporters are openly rooting for Aquino, few for Marcos. On my flight to Manila, I met a British journalist who said he was on vacation. Later he turned up with Aquino's traveling party. The country abounds with backpack journalists. A friend of mine working in El Salvador 18 months ago said many of the freelancers there were already heading for the Philippines. The Filipinos themselves encourage the trend by pandering to Yankee journalists. Within six hours after my arrival in Manila, I was in Malacanang Palace for an interview with Marcos. The next day Imelda was made available. Two days after that I caught up with the Aquino campaign. She quickly set aside time for an interview by me and two other Americans (I couldn't go). Don't get me wrong: the access was great. I found myself as guilty of neocolonialism as the rest.

HERE'S THE HARD QUESTION. Judged only by what's in the interest of the U.S., who ought to win the presidential election? Hold on. Don't say Aquino without first deliberating. There's no telling what she'd do, particularly regarding the two American bases, the loss of which would be a strategic disaster for the United States. And Aquino seems to believe that the Communist guerrillas are nothing more than unusually angry liberals who can be dealt with in negotiations. But then, look at the incumbent. Marcos ruined the economy, all but destroyed most of the Philippines' institutions of democracy, and debased the military to the point where it can't defeat the NPA. Of course, Marcos promises changes. Then he reneges. What I've decided is that no matter who wins, I'm not getting my hopes up.

F.B.

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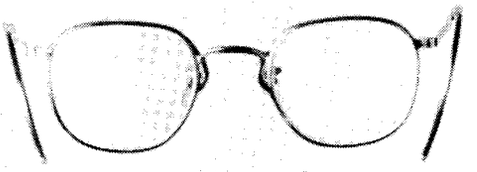

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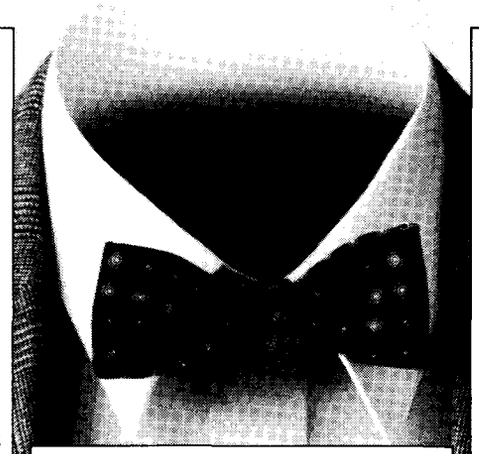
Nothing like it had ever been done before.

Why we did it

First, because as one of America's largest newspaper-based media companies, we have to know *exactly* how the public views the press...and no prior study has dug deep enough to tell us.

Second, because this study enables us to engage you in a dialogue that promises to strengthen the essential bond between the public and the press.



To that end, we plan to present the major findings in ads and public meetings, and to invite and respond to your comments.

We also plan to repeat the study regularly so we can keep tabs on public attitudes over time.

Who we are

We own the media listed to your right. In terms of sales, we rank 139th among Fortune magazine's 500 largest U.S. industrial companies. In terms of net income, we're 79th.

Times Mirror Newspapers:
Los Angeles Times; Newsday; Dallas Times Herald; The Denver Post; The Hartford Courant; The Morning Call (Allentown, PA); The Stamford Advocate and Greenwich Time (Connecticut).

Times Mirror Magazines:
Popular Science; Outdoor Life; Golf Magazine; Ski Magazine; The Sporting News.

Times Mirror TV Stations:
KDFW, Dallas; KTBC, Austin; KTVI, St. Louis; WVTM, Birmingham (AL).

Times Mirror Cable:
Fifty cable TV systems serve 300 communities in 15 northeastern, western and southwestern states.

Times Mirror Book Publishing:
Matthew Bender & Co., law books; C.V. Mosby and Year Book Medical Publishers, medical books; Harry N. Abrams, art books; Mirror Systems, computer software; Learning International, training programs.

If you'd like to know more about us, contact Donald Kellermann, Vice President, Public Affairs, Times Mirror, Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles, CA 90053, (213) 972-3847.

Times Mirror
We're interested in what you think.

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Planning the day at the Washington, D.C., Four Seasons Hotel.

We've Redefined What Makes A Grand Hotel Grand.

In the beginning, the grand hotel was extraordinary. Because it was founded upon a grand idea.

The idea that a hotel should perfectly mirror the special lifestyles and taste levels of its times—an idea embodied in everything from a hotel's decor to the people it employed.

But while the times changed, hotels that were once thought of as grand didn't. Though they retained much of their opulence and splendor, they lost something even more important: a sense of the changing needs and demands of their guests.

The grand idea, in other words, was forgotten.

Until it was revived by Four Seasons Hotels. A group of eighteen grand hotels located in North America's most important cities, where we cling to the seldom-observed notion that a hotel should adapt to its guests. Not the other way around.

And it's evident everywhere.

In a warm, hospitable staff that possesses a rare combination of friendliness, formality and competence—and whose purpose is to make guests feel welcome, not intimidated.

In the remarkably high employee-to-guest ratio—because today's travellers not only need a wide variety of services, but need them in a hurry.

In furniture that's as functional as it is elegant—in vivid contrast to many luxury hotels that can be conspicuously short on comfort.

And in restaurants acclaimed not only for their haute cuisine, but for their unique Alternative Cuisine menus—designed for those who love fine food, but abhor calories.

All of which makes each Four Seasons extraordinary, not because it tries to imitate the original grand hotels, but because it's identical in the single most important respect of all:

It was founded upon precisely the same grand idea.

UNITED STATES
Austin (1987)
Boston
Chicago:
Ritz Carlton
Dallas:
Mandalay
Conference Center
Fitness Resort, Spa
Houston:
Centre
Inn on the Park
New York:
The Pierre
Newport Beach
Los Angeles (1987)
Philadelphia
San Francisco:
The Clift
Seattle:
The Olympic
Washington, D.C.

CANADA
Edmonton
Montreal
Ottawa
Toronto:
Yorkville
Inn on the Park
Vancouver

London

For reservations call (800) 268-6282 or your travel agent

Four Seasons Hotels

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